



CHINA



MAIL

No. 37165

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1958.

Price 30 Cents

RELAX IN **DAKS**
THE FAMOUS COMFORT
IN ACTION TROUSERS
Whiteaways
HONGKONG & KOWLOON

Comment Of The Day

A 'Dodge' Policy

OUR film critic today draws attention to a practice which has often caused annoyance among the Colony's cinema-going public—that is the deliberate policy of rival theatres of showing their best films simultaneously. The attitude of those responsible seems to be "We don't want to be outdone." And the policy is applied not only to the big, well-reviewed and generally recommended films, but to Westerns, thrillers, musicals and other categories. The question is why should we get a spate of like films—why not more diversity?

As big films, like "The Ten Commandments" for example, generally run for a longer-than-usual period, box office takings for the best films are not greatly affected by this policy of collusion. The only loser might be the rival theatre which runs an inferior competitor simultaneously. This is perhaps the best reason why the present policy should be discontinued.

THIS suggestion is made not for the financial benefit of the local theatres, however. As we said at the outset it is the irritation that this policy arouses among cinema-goers that is the chief reason for suggesting staggered screenings. For what happens at present is that those who are discriminating in their choice of films or fans of a particular type of film, find themselves going to the cinema three or four times in a fortnight—and then not again for a number of weeks or months.

Cinemas cannot be blamed for holding big attractions for holiday periods like Easter, Christmas and Chinese New Year. But to persist with attempts to outdo one another every weekend of the year is carrying the policy too far. Theatres obviously know when their rivals intend to screen big films. Wouldn't it be more sensible in future to make sure that potentially big box-office attractions and films of a like category do not rather collide with one another?

ARMY CHIEF AGREES TO EIGHT-POINT CONDITIONS U NU HANDS OVER GOVT Appeals To People For Support

Rangoon, Sept. 26.
Burmese Premier, U Nu, announced tonight in a broadcast to the nation that he had resigned and handed over his powers to General Ne Win, Chief of the General Staff.

FORMOSA CRISIS

'I'M MORE HOPEFUL' SAYS LLOYD

New York, Sept. 26.
Mr. Solwyn Lloyd, the British Foreign Secretary, left by air for London tonight after telling reporters he was "a little more hopeful" about the Formosa crisis.

In an impromptu statement before he boarded his plane, Mr. Lloyd said: "I am convinced of the sincere desire of the United States Government for a peaceful settlement."

Successful

"I think the important thing is for everyone to see how they can help the Warsaw negotiations to be successful. "I am a little more hopeful than I was when I came to New York 10 days ago". Mr. Lloyd refused to answer questions.

The Foreign Secretary has been attending the opening meetings of the United Nations General Assembly and has had talks with Mr. John Foster Dulles, the United States Secretary of State, and Mr. Andrei Gromyko, the Soviet Foreign Minister.—Reuters.

Demand

Delirut, Sept. 26.
Supporters of Pro-Western ex-President Camille Chamoun today demanded half the seats in the new cabinet in continued opposition to Premier Rashid Karami's all-rebel Government.—U.P.I.

BRITISH LABOUR PARTY'S NEW FOREIGN POLICY

London, Sept. 26.
The Labour Party executive today approved a statement calling on the British Government to do all in its power to dissuade the United States from taking any part in the defence of Quemoy and Matsu.

Algerian Rebel High Command Captured

Paris, Sept. 26.
The Algerian Rebel "High Command" for all Southern France has been captured, the Ministry of Interior announced tonight.

All its members have been charged with plotting against the security of the state, the Ministry said.

The announcement was made amid new explosions of violence both in metropolitan France and in revolt-racked Algeria two days before the citizens of this country and its overseas territories vote in a referendum on Premier Charles de Gaulle's new "Strong Man" constitution.

REGIONAL CHIEFS

The Ministry said the arrested men included Areski Bouachata, 23, rebel National Liberation Front (FLN) chief for the whole area of France extending from the Italian frontier to Naez. He was arrested in Marseille together with two regional chiefs.

The Ministry said the three arrested leaders had six other local leaders under their command, of whom five have been arrested since September 15. It said liaison agents also were identified and seized and stocks of arms and letter boxes used by the rebels were found.

"Many very important documents were seized and now are being studied," the Ministry said. "They showed that more than 30,000,000 francs (\$710,000) were extorted every month from North African workers."—U.P.I.

It urged the Government to try and secure evacuation of the offshore islands by the Chinese Nationalists.

"It is absurd and illogical that the Conservative Government, which recognises the Chinese People's Republic, should continue to continue in denying recognition to a country of nearly 600 million people," the statement said.

Negotiations

"Negotiations should be opened with a view to neutralising Formosa and the Pescadores, which should be placed under UN administration and protection. In due course the people of Taiwan must be free to make their own choice without intimidation from either side."

The Labour Executive, which met at Scarborough in preparation for the opening of the party's annual congress next Monday, also adopted a resolution calling on the British Government to suspend implementation of its seven-year "partnership" plan for Cyprus in order to end the present strife on the island.

The executive said recent proposals by exiled Greek Cypriot leader, Archbishop Makarios gave rise to new hopes of a settlement of the problem through negotiation. These proposals should be studied immediately by the Government, it added.

Both the Formosa Straits crisis and the Cyprus question will be debated at the beginning of next week's congress.—France-Press.

Credentials

Washington, Sept. 26.
Nationalist China's Ambassador George Yeh will present his credentials to President Eisenhower on Tuesday morning, it was announced today.

Yeh arrived here on September 12. The White House ceremony was delayed by the President's absence on vacation.—U.P.I.

Big Tourist Ship Here

The big Australian tourist ship Orsova docked in Kowloon this morning.

The 29,000-ton liner, pride of the Orient Line, is carrying 1,300 passengers on a month's cruise of the Far East. Orsova arrived from Japan.

Among the passengers is Mr. G. F. Sellers, company director, who recently won the Sydney Opera House lottery first prize of £100,000.

FREIGHTER ADRIFF OFF CHINA

Tokyo, Sept. 26.
The Japanese Maritime Safety Board said today the British freighter 7,240-ton Eskcliffe had gone adrift at 35 miles southwest of Naojima cape, southern tip of the China peninsula near Tokyo as a result of a shortage of fuel.

A spokesman said a Japanese tug boat rushed to the scene early this morning to supply fuel but in vain because of rough weather. He said two Japanese patrol boats were now on their way to the freighter. The freighter's agents, Dodwell and Company, said the Eskcliffe left Cairns, Australia on Sept. 8 for Yokohama and Osaka carrying 9,600 tons of sugar.—Reuters.

AMERICA'S CUP DEBACLE U.S. Trounces Britain To Retain Cup

By WILLIAM NEWMAN

Off Newport, Sept. 26.
The American yacht Columbia successfully warded off the first challenge in 21 years for the America's Cup when she trounced the British challenger Scythe in four straight runs to retain the 107-year-old trophy which is the pinnacle of yachting aspirations.

Columbia won her fourth race today to complete a most disappointing series which could well discourage future challenges.

American designers are so far ahead of their British colleagues on this showing that it was wondered whether they could be matched. Apart from the all-conquering Columbia, who fought her way to the defenders' berth by beating three other candidates, the Americans appear well-prepared to meet any new challenger. Of the other three candidates, Eastern and Weatherly, are new boats built this year and, according to observers of the American trials, either could have beaten Scythe.

Formality

The destination of the cup was virtually settled yesterday when Columbia handsomely spanked Scythe in the kind of weather the British had been asking for. Today's race was a mere formality and it went the way of the other three races. Columbia was outmanoeuvred at the start by Lieutenant-Commander Grahn Mann going well into a safe leftward position but the British boat crossed the line before the run—and had to hold off Columbia came by to go just ahead at the gun and soon began to open up on one of her best legs, a beat to windward.

Apart from some short tacks the race settled down into a procession with Columbia steadily walking away.

The weather today was similar to yesterday's with 15 to 25 knot winds in a heavy swell. A spectacular fleet of about 100 followed the two contestants as they sailed majestically round the triangular course, each leg eight miles long.

Waste Of Time

As far as racing is concerned, the series was a waste of time. There was so much difference between the boats that Scythe never seemed capable of catching Columbia apart from major gear failure. The British boat was beaten in light and heavy conditions and on all legs—beating to windward.

teaching and running before the wind.

At the end of the race, the New York Yacht Club had hoisted the following signal, borrowed from a letter to Lord Nelson: "To mortals it is not given to command success but you... have done even more. You have deserved success."

That sums it up. The crew did all they could—the boat was just not good enough.—Reuters.

85 DEAD IN BIG TYPHOON

Tokyo, Sept. 27.
The worst typhoon in 24 years whiplashed Tokyo with gusts that reached 160 miles an hour early today.

Latest casualty reports listed 85 known dead, 62 missing and 183 injured. Most of the fatalities resulted from landslides, fallen high voltage wires and whiplashed homes. Yokohama was hardest hit with at least 40 dead. Tokyo had 10 confirmed deaths.

The wind-whipped rains dumped nearly 17 inches on Tokyo since late yesterday—the heaviest deluge recorded since the city began keeping weather records in 1870.

Damage was very heavy. The storm lifted which originally caused winds of up to 100 miles per hour and gusts of up to 160 miles per hour as it bore down on Tokyo, passed the Tokyo area shortly before 2 a.m.

Winds in the typhoon diminished in intensity after passing over Yokohama and the latest U.S. Air Force weather report said the centre of the storm was expected to be 35 miles east of Sendai (a city roughly 175 miles north of Tokyo).—U.P.I.



MODEL DM392/4 \$56.70 NETT

MODEL DM397/8 \$41.40 NETT

THE BRITISH GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD.

ROMAN CATHOLICS THREATEN TO TURN PROTESTANTS

Rome, Sept. 26.
THE 700 Roman Catholic villagers of Bosco, a mountain hamlet in southern Italy, have threatened to turn Protestant unless they get back their beloved parish priest, the Rome newspaper Giornale D'Italia today reported.

The trouble started three months ago when Bosco priest, Don Francesco Savarito, was transferred to a new parish.

The villagers had no intention of losing him and sent a deputation to the Bishop of Pollenzo, who reported said. Their pleas were in vain, so they immediately launched a protest strike against church services. This was a momentous decision for the people of Bosco, all devout Catholics. But of icy indifference, the report said.

Even the Sexton of the parish church of Saint Rock joined

the strikers, said the newspaper. As an additional protest red flags were draped over balconies.

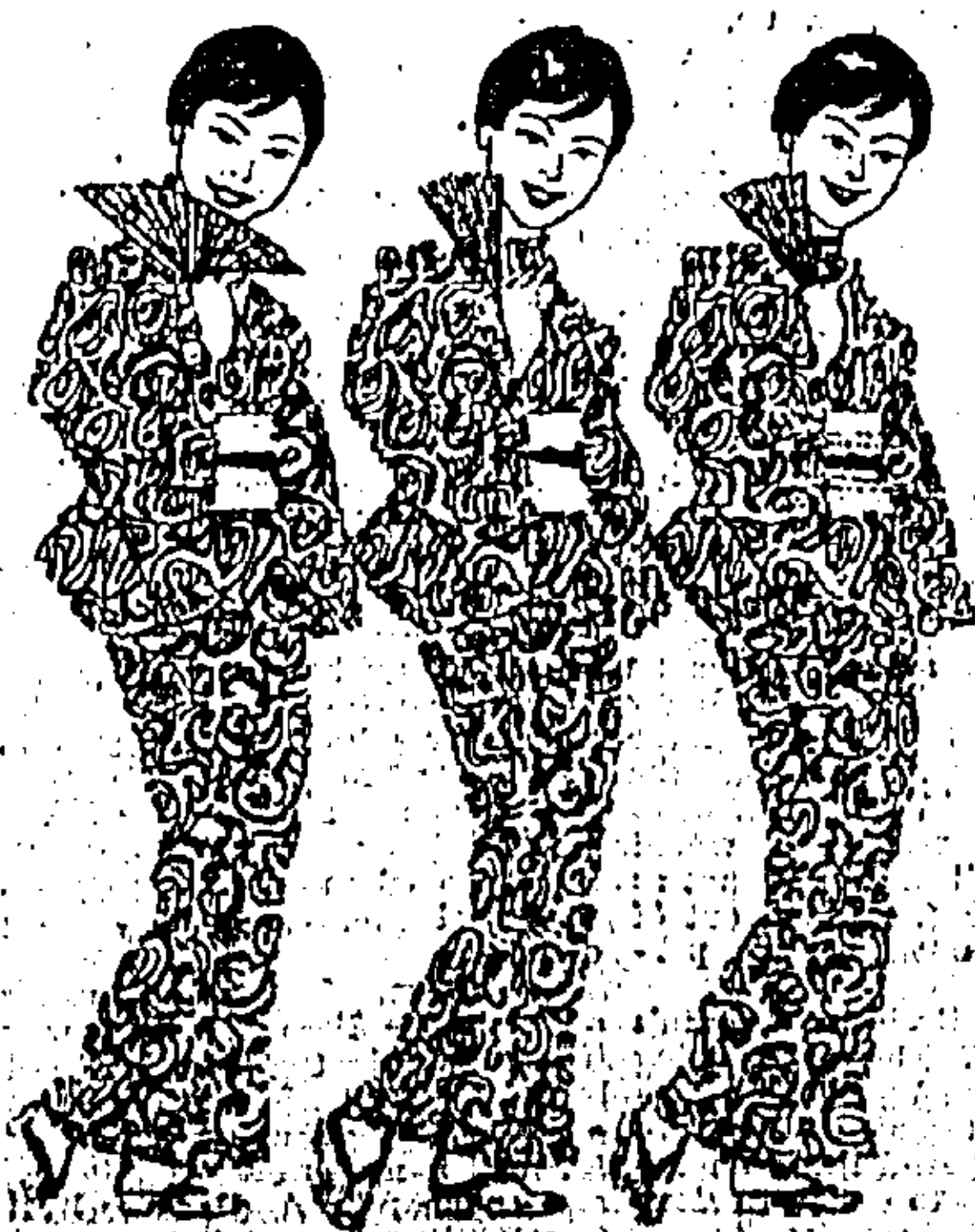
Don Francesco's successor, Don Mario Carpentieri, has tried his best to be on good terms with the villagers but has been unable to break through their wall of icy indifference, the report said.

One day the keys of his church disappeared and no one

lifted a finger to help when Don Mario had to bring a ladder and enter the church through a window.

"And as if all this was not enough," the newspaper added, the Roman Catholic peasants of Bosco got in touch with Protestants nearby and gave them a warm reception.

"All the inhabitants now threaten to become Protestants."—Reuters.



THRICE a week to

Tokyo

Air-India International announces, not one, not two, but THREE flights a week to Europe, India and Tokyo.

A triple treat for businessmen and tourists. Revel in the luxury of our Super-G Cohasset: Isiglo—RADAR, equipped for maximum comfort—every First Class seat a Weeling Slumberette. Low priced tourist seats in addition.

AIR-INDIA International



Wines for the connoisseur...



HARVEYS

OF BRISTOL

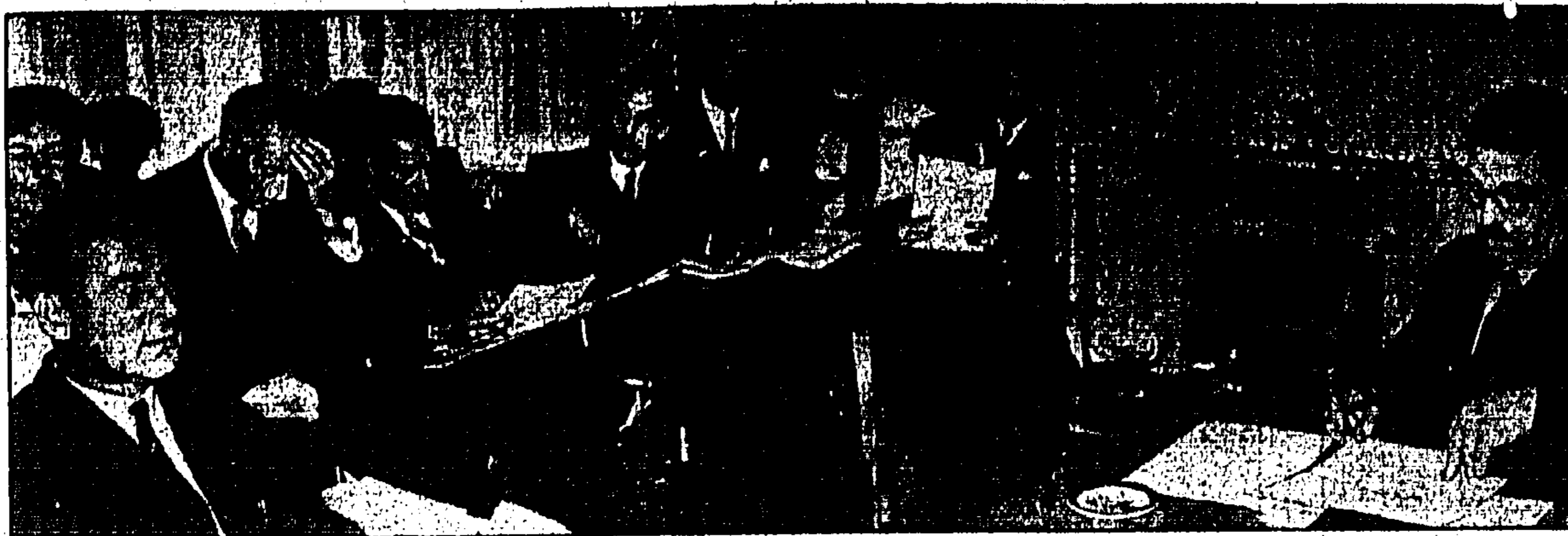
THE SUPPLIERS OF THE FAMOUS SHERRIES
"BRISTOL MILK" AND "BRISTOL CREAM"

Sole Agents:

CALDBECK'S

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY "MAIL" FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

COURT IN SESSION...IN MRS C's PARLOUR



In "court"—left to right, Mrs Cliff; her husband's counsel; Mr Staines's counsel; a solicitor; a surveyor; Miss Catmury; Mr Staines (with paper up to face); and at table, Mr Young, listening to witness in armchair.

A 'SHOCK' FOR THE SEE-SAW

Wickham. THE village council was locked in an official argument over whether see-saws should have shock absorbers.

Councillor Frank Bald started the argument when he learned the council was going to buy see-saws with shock absorbers for local playgrounds.

"Half the fun of a see-saw is the bump," Bald said. The council agreed to ask for manufacturers estimates for see-saws with and without bumps, but the argument remained unsettled.—U. P. I.

'Judge' Parks His Brolly By The Fire Tongs

London. GEOFFREY CLIFF and his wife held court in their living-room last week. There was a judge, there were barristers, solicitors, witnesses, and newspapermen. And the Cliffs invited the neighbours to come, too.

Mr Cliff was the defendant. Mr Frederick Staines, a local builder and decorator, was the plaintiff.

It was probably the most unusual court in British legal history.

Counsel and solicitors were ranged in garden seats across the centre of the park and garden room, with their briefs laid out on coffee tables.

Witnesses leaned back in red upholstered armchairs.

Neighbours and newspapermen sat on the lawn, black and yellow striped carpet.

Squeezed up

As for the judge, or more correctly, the adjudicator, he parked his brolly in the fire-place beside the fire tongs, laid his homburg hat on the radiator beside a bowl of chrysanthemums, and sat squeezed up at the dining-room table with the TV set behind him.

"Right, now let's get on with it," he said.

And the court was in session at No. 8, Cranbrook-rise, Ilford, Essex.

How did this strange court come to be convened?

It all dates back to the time 33-year-old Mr Cliff, who runs a photographic business, called in Mr Staines to carry out some repairs to his house.

£1,000 bill

Mr Staines submitted a bill for £1,000. Mr Cliff refused to pay £200 of it, claiming that some of the work had been done badly.

Mr Staines sued Mr Cliff. The case came up before a High Court judge who committed it to Ilford County Court.

And the County Court Judge appointed Mr W. P. Young, a chartered quantity surveyor, to conduct a hearing on the spot and find a settlement to the dispute.

After 2½ hours the evidence was completed. Mr Young said his decision would be announced later.

Thirty-eight-year-old Mrs Cliff dashed into the kitchen and came back with trays of pork sandwiches, pickles, and pots of coffee.

Home brew

Mr Cliff went down to his cellar and brought up bottles of home-made blackberry liqueur, red wine, and carrot whisky.

"Look in everybody, whatever has won," said Mrs Cliff cheerfully.

But Mr Staines, red-faced, shook his head and followed by his secretary, Miss Owen Colman.

"I didn't really want him to stay," confessed Mrs Cliff.

Mr Young and the counsel, all formally attired in black frockers and striped trousers, also left.

A spot of carrot whisky could well prevent the course of justice, explained Mr Young with a smile.

"But the neighbours all stayed and looked on."

THE LATEST IN MUSEUMS—A SPAGHETTI ONE

Pontedassio. ITALY has for ages been a land of museums and spaghetti.

No wonder that one day someone should think of creating a spaghetti museum.

This is now done. A recent congress of humorists from all over the world officially inaugurated in this tiny northern village the "Spaghetti Historical Museum."

The inauguration was a solemn affair, as befits any ceremony honouring Italy's basic food-stuff.

Political, municipal and church authorities attended the occasion together with humorists and cartoonists, who took the day off from their annual Congress at nearby Bordighera.

For as long as anyone can remember Spaghetti has been considered in Italy not only an indispensable item on the daily menu but as a remedy for all problems.

Thus Italians will tell you spaghetti can:

★ Satisfy the last wish of a man sentenced to death.

★ Serve as building material for birds' nests.

★ Link more closely two lovers.

★ Tie babies to their chairs to prevent them falling.

★ Console a snake-charmer who has lost his snake.

★ Give fun to Italians as they watch foreign tourists struggling with their wily plate-falls.

On the initiative of a well-known spaghetti manufacturer who offered his home here, anything and everything that tells the story of spaghetti-making has been collected for exhibition.

On exhibit are ancient and modern poems, paintings, etchings, photographs, cooking books with the thousands of recipes for treating spaghetti, government decrees dating back to 1602 which fixed the price of spaghetti (and provided up to ten years in gaol for anyone employing harmful ingredients for the manufacture of spaghetti).

Also exhibited is a perfect and functioning reproduction of a spaghetti-factory dating back to 1850.

Ancient books and drawings telling the story of spaghetti are also shown.

One item which proud Italians may not like is the reminder in the form of a tale by traveller Marco Polo that Chinese discovered spaghetti as long ago as 100 years.

Inauguration. Three French humorists attending the inauguration were asked to contribute to the collection.

The results were: Barberousse: A cat using spaghetti as a lasso to capture a mouse.

Feytaud: A cook offering his loved one a heart formed by spaghetti.

Leau-Bollus: A fat woman using spaghetti as a skipping rope for exercise to lose weight.

—U. P. I.

MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE GOT A WIFE

Syracuse. Swedish sailor Aske Wikling put a message in a bottle and got back a wife.

Wikling launched his bottle into the Mediterranean in October, 1955. It asked "All girls aged 18 to 20? If they wanted to marry a handsome, blond, Swedish, and gave" his telephone address.

Syracuse factory foreman Sebastian Puzo found the bottle floating off the Sicilian coast last May. He took the message written in English to the parish priest for translation, and then rushed back home.

Puzo, it turned out, was the brother of Wikling's first wife. She had died in a family quarrel.

chore 16-year-old Paulina, her picture was sent to Sweden and Wikling started corresponding with her.

They met recently when Paulina and her mother visited Sweden. Aske came back, here with them.

The wedding took place recently.

—U. P. I.

CASES OF THE MISSING TRUCKS CONFOUNDS POLICE

London. NIGHT after night the highways out of London echo to the rumble of haul trucks carrying valuable cargoes to other parts of the country. The hauls are long and the roads are lonely. But here and there a lighted, all-night cafe, juke-box blaring, beckons the driver.

A cup of tea, a cigarette, a chat with the owner, and the driver is away again. It's routine.

But seven times in the last four months a truck has pulled out of a cafe parking lot—and neither driver nor truck was seen again.

Vanished

Seven trucks loaded with valuable goods worth £20,000 have vanished from the highways—and seven drivers are missing.

Police throughout the country are worried because these are not simple cases, which occur every day, of trucks stolen and later found empty on some rubble-strewn World War Two camp heap or bombed site. They are complete disappearances.

The trucks have disappeared on journeys to the south coast, Manchester, Newcastle, Leeds, Birmingham and Liverpool.

Bachelors

The drivers were all reliable employees, their firms reported. All were bachelors and their relatives were not immediately concerned at lack of letters from them.

Police believe a "disposal centre" somewhere near strategically-placed Coventry has been set up to deal with the stolen trucks. Officials said they believed at this centre the trucks are repaired, number plates changed, cargoes sold, but they hesitate to forecast the fate of the missing drivers.

—U. P. I.

Police believe a "disposal centre" somewhere near strategically-placed Coventry has been set up to deal with the stolen trucks. Officials said they believed at this centre the trucks are repaired, number plates changed, cargoes sold, but they hesitate to forecast the fate of the missing drivers.

—U. P. I.

Police believe a "disposal centre" somewhere near strategically-placed Coventry has been set up to deal with the stolen trucks. Officials said they believed at this centre the trucks are repaired, number plates changed, cargoes sold, but they hesitate to forecast the fate of the missing drivers.

—U. P. I.

Police believe a "disposal centre" somewhere near strategically-placed Coventry has been set up to deal with the stolen trucks. Officials said they believed at this centre the trucks are repaired, number plates changed, cargoes sold, but they hesitate to forecast the fate of the missing drivers.

—U. P. I.

Police believe a "disposal centre" somewhere near strategically-placed Coventry has been set up to deal with the stolen trucks. Officials said they believed at this centre the trucks are repaired, number plates changed, cargoes sold, but they hesitate to forecast the fate of the missing drivers.

—U. P. I.

Police believe a "disposal centre" somewhere near strategically-placed Coventry has been set up to deal with the stolen trucks. Officials said they believed at this centre the trucks are repaired, number plates changed, cargoes sold, but they hesitate to forecast the fate of the missing drivers.

—U. P. I.

Police believe a "disposal centre" somewhere near strategically-placed Coventry has been set up to deal with the stolen trucks. Officials said they believed at this centre the trucks are repaired, number plates changed, cargoes sold, but they hesitate to forecast the fate of the missing drivers.

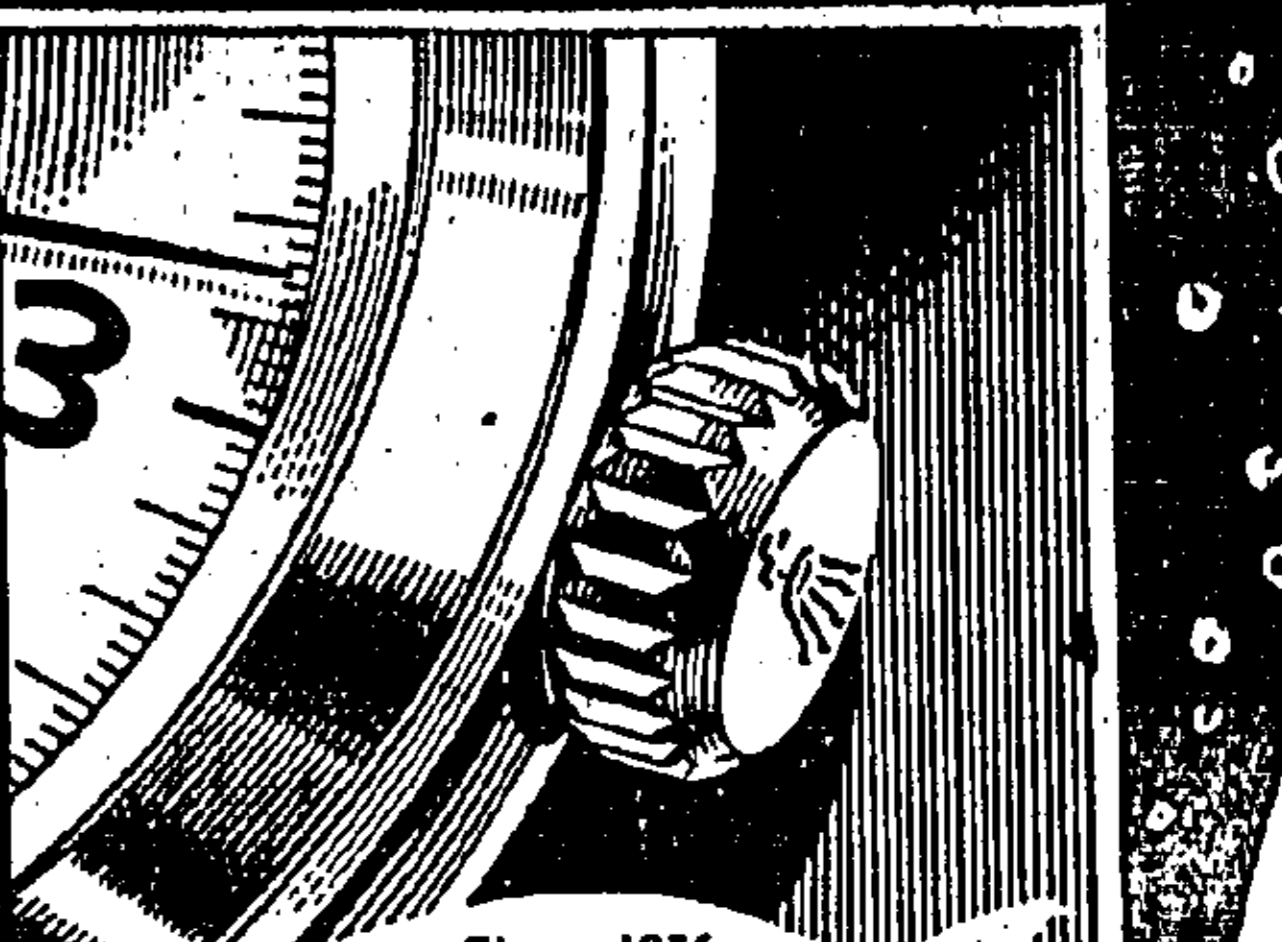
—U. P. I.

Police believe a "disposal centre" somewhere near strategically-placed Coventry has been set up to deal with the stolen trucks. Officials said they believed at this centre the trucks are repaired, number plates changed, cargoes sold, but they hesitate to forecast the fate of the missing drivers.

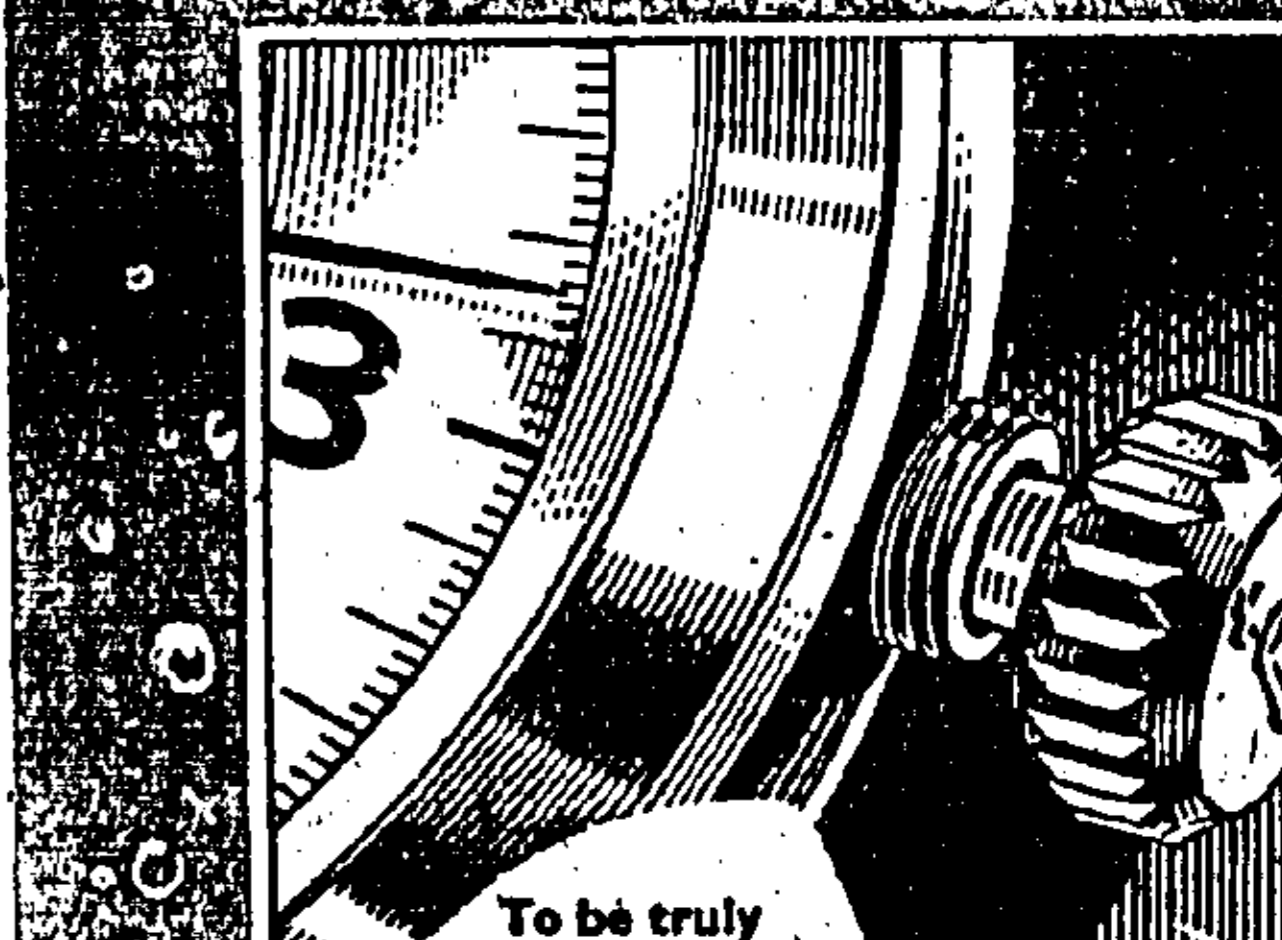
—U. P. I.

27 fathoms down

—and ROLEX Oyster still runs accurately as ever.



Since 1956 all ROLEX and Tudor Oyster cases equipped with Twinlock crown have been guaranteed waterproof to an underwater depth of 165 ft.



To be truly waterproof a watch must have a screw-down crown. ROLEX are the world's only manufacturer of screw-down double safety Twinlock crown.



ROLEX
A landmark in the history of Time measurement

HONG KONG STAGE CLUB

present
"THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE"
A Melodrama by BERNARD SHAW

on
Thursday, 2nd October at 9 p.m.
Friday, 3rd October at 8 p.m.
Saturday, 4th October at 9 p.m.

at the
Loko Yew Hall, Hong Kong University
BOOKINGS AT MOUTRIES
Alexandra House, Des Voeux Road Central

LUNCHEON

SERVED DAILY
EXCELLENT
FOREIGN CUISINE
Special Business
Lunch \$3.50
Ordinary Lunch \$5.00

TO-NIGHT

Complete Change
of Programme!
Thrilling!

Sensational!
Spectacular!

SIGRITA & ROGYO
World's Greatest
Adagio Dance Team!

Direct from their
triumphant tour of
the U.S.

VIC QUICK

The Nutmost in Magic!
America's Merry Wizard
on his tour of the East

KON ZUIS

Europe's Incredible
Master of Aerialist-
Gymnast with
RONDELL RAE

YVONNE

"The Interpretation of
a Butterfly"

COCKTAIL LOUNGE

PIANO-BAR
with LARRY ALLEN
Back again at the Piano
for your drinking pleasure!
Cocktail Atmosphere!
Feeling Intimate!

GIANCARLO

& His Italian Combo
NO-INCREASE
IN PRICE!
OPEN
TILL 2 A.M.

WHITNEY HOUSE

DE VORSE ROAD, C
TEL. 24496
37623

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ TO-DAY ONLY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
A NATION CRIED OUT TO HIM!
THE EARTH SHOOK BEFORE HIM!
THE MOUNTAIN ROARED HIS NAME!



BRIAN KEITH • CESAR ROMERO • MARGIA DEAN
RODOLFO HUYOS • VILLA! PIROSKOURAS • JAMES R. CLARK • LOUIS VITTES

★ GRAND OPENING TO-MORROW ★
YOU'LL LAUGH AT THE SPICY ADVENTURES
OF A ROMANTIC YOUNG MAN!

If you want to know the truth about women...
See LAURENCE HARVEY
JULIE MARINI
DIANE CILIENTO
WAI ZETTINGHO
EVA CARON

THE TRUTH
ABOUT WOMEN

ROLAND DENISON • BILLY FARR • JOSEPH LANE • SHIRLEY LAROUX • DORIS
BENJAMIN ROYCE • LEO GASTON • THOMAS WALTERS

ROLAND CULVER • WILFRED HYDE WHITE • MARIUS CORINO
DISTRIBUTED BY LION INTERNATIONAL FILMS LTD.
A 20th Century-Fox Release

BOOKINGS NOW OPEN!
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon
BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.

20th Century-Fox presents
"Baby and the Battle Ship"
Starring: John Mills
Richard Attenborough

TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
PROGRAMME
BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.15 p.m. RKO Radio presents
"THE CONQUEROR"

In CinemaScope & Color
Starring: John WAYNE • Susan HAYWARD

OWN YOUR OWN
TELEVISION

TELEPHONE: 7-2211

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE LEFT: Prince Charles operating a circular saw on Balmoral estate, under the admiring gaze of the Queen, Prince Philip and Princess Anne during a recent holiday.

★
LEFT: 'Professor' James Cagney (left) talking with Lord Kilbracken in a Dublin film studio where he is making a film about the days of 'the troubles'. The film is entitled 'Shake Hands With The Devil', and will include Dame Sybil Thorndyke and her husband, Sir Lewis Casson.

★
BELOW: Olivia De Havilland, elegant star who says she practises yoga to keep slim, after her arrival in London recently.

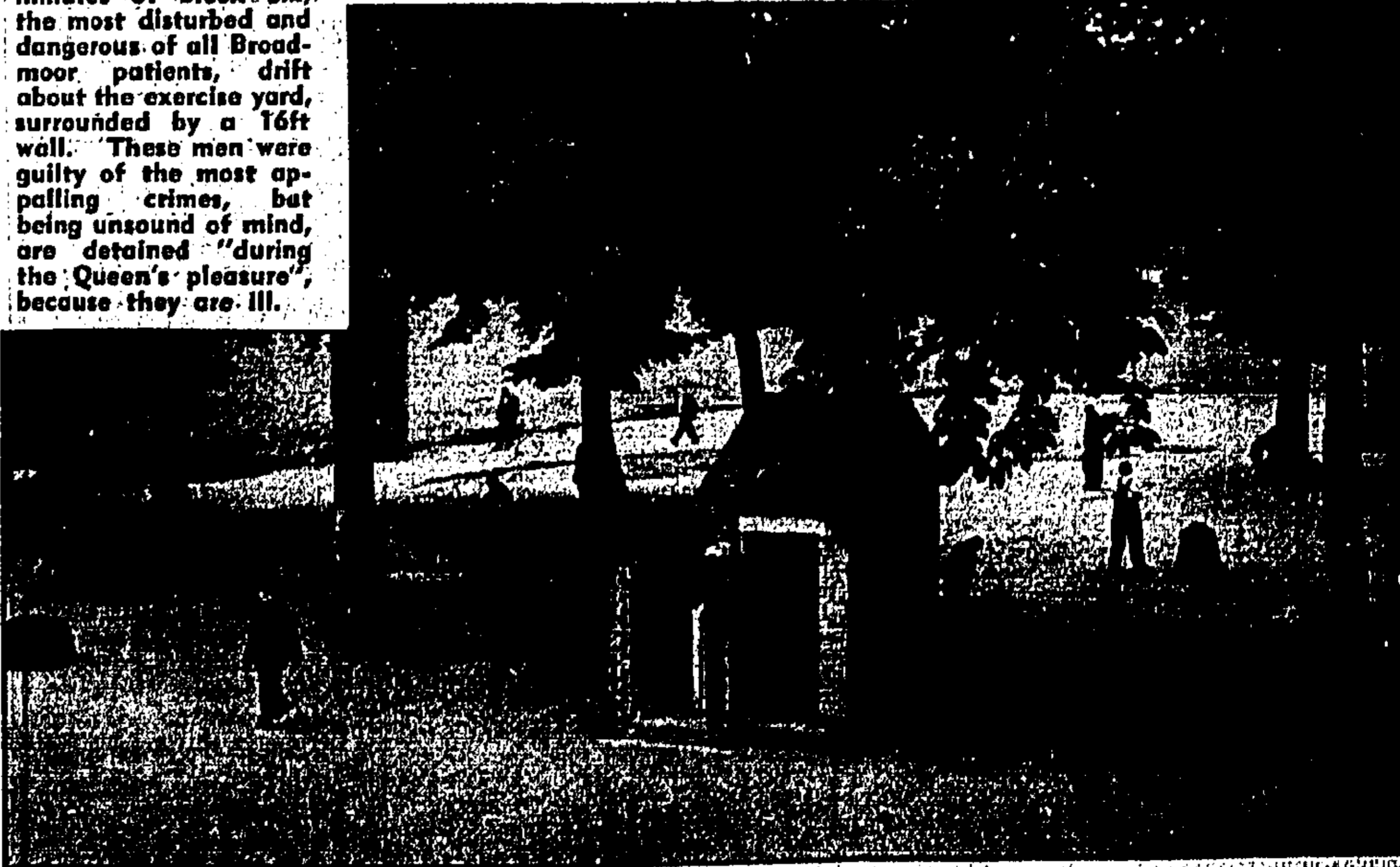
ABOVE: Lady Docker suffered a great disappointment when Monaco authorities refused her permission to come to sea her son, Lance Collingham, take part in the water-ski championships there. Lance, who is a skilled water-ski, is enjoying the galaty of Juan-les-Pins, and has been seen in the company of Anna Gerber, daughter of the South African millionaire.

★
RIGHT: Petite, 5ft. Mary Pickford arrived in London recently with her pretty daughter, Roxanne (5ft. 5 1/2 in.). They are on their way to Switzerland where Roxanne goes to school.

★
BELOW: Singly, each wrapped in his own strange thoughts, the inmates of Block Six, the most disturbed and dangerous of all Broadmoor patients, drift about the exercise yard, surrounded by a 16ft wall. These men were guilty of the most appalling crimes, but being unsound of mind, are detained 'during the Queen's pleasure' because they are ill.



ABOVE: A brief story that gives a lead on how British people should try to live in harmony with citizens of a different colour, comes from Glasgow. At the Central Station there, a four-year-old girl, Alexis Falconer, sobbed bitterly on parting from Nurse Willietta (Billy) Priddy, a coloured nurse who has been in Britain for nine years and was returning to her native Sierra Leone. 'Don't go, don't go' sobbed Alexis, as her loving friend was leaving. Picture shows Alexis taking a tearful farewell of Nurse Willietta.



LEFT: With a tartan rug to keep her warm, Princess Margaret is seen recently about to drive 35 miles to the home of her host and hostess, Captain Ian and Lady Margaret Tennant, at Innes House, near Elgin, after attending the Seaforth and Cameron Highlanders' ball, in Inverness. She had danced all night with officers in full highland dress, joining in rips with nimble grace. And at the end she was as fresh and smiling as ever.

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

Let's Take Hongkong's Word

By R. W. Thompson



SAVVY: Basically, 'know,' 'understand.' The word is known wherever the English language is spoken and turns up regularly in colloquial speech. Phrases such as *My savvy*, *I understand* and *That boy got plenty savvy*. 'That boy is no fool,' are common in the books on South China published in the last century. It is even given a French flavour in the *Fan Qui* at Canton, in the phrase *no sa-sa-va*. This word is almost certainly of Portuguese origin: *sabe*.

SMA SZ: Hongkong Cantonese for *sarsaparilla*. These syllables represent the introductory foreign single system since final-*s* is alien to the Cantonese phonetic system.

SHOH FA I: *Solo*, in Hongkong Cantonese. The final syllable means 'solo.'

SHOH TAI: *Soda*, as a loan-word in Hongkong Cantonese. **SHROFF:** Usually a cashier in Hongkong. It is even written and appears on notices in local banks. It is an Anglo-Indian word and was originally the name given to a native servant employed to detect bad coins. The word is of Arabic origin, *sarruf*, *sarruf*, *sarruf* and probably passed through Indo-Portuguese to English. A Portuguese source of 1854 writes *sarruf*, the *x* of which represents English *sh*. The earliest English references I have been able to find, date from Foster's letters of the early seventeenth century where this word is spelt *Sarraf* or *Sheraff*. Fryer, however, wrote *Shroff* in 1673. *Shroff* has also been used as a verb: to examine coins. Giles in his *Glossary of Reference* (1878) says that *Shroffing* was 'common in Canton, where lenders of the art keep bad dollars for the purpose of exercising their pupils; and several works on the subject have been published there, with numerous illustrations of dollars and other foreign coins, the methods of scooping out silver and filling up with copper or lead, comparisons between genuine and counterfeit dollars, the difference between native and foreign issuing, etc. etc.'

HIDE: This word was of great semantic importance in China Coast Pidgin, and, naturally, in the English of Hongkong where it still appears in print in sub-standard combinations. In most cases Pidgin usage is fairly faithful to Cantonese or other Chinese models. Here are some common examples. Top-side, top, upstairs. Have got water top-side (Leland); bottom-side, below, down, under, low; long-side, with, by, near, accompanying; outside, foreign, outside old river, Yangtze Kiang, outside old river man, Northern Chinese; come this side, arrived here, just now hab' got two-piece joss-house-man come this side, two missionaries have arrived. Even the expressions *Hongkong-side* and *Kowloon-side* may sound strange to the ears of the newly-arrived Englishman, Australian, New Zealander or American.

SIN SZ: Cents as borrowed by Hongkong Cantonese. **SNAPPER:** Various kinds of Hongkong fish, usually of the genus *lujanus*. See Herklots and Lin, *Food-Fishes of Hongkong*.

SOLE: Macao sole. Herklots and Lin say this may be either *Cynoscion sinensis*, *Sciaenops ocellatus* (painted sole) in Cantonese or *Cynoscion rutilans*, *Fong Lei* (rectangular sole) in Cantonese.

SQUEEZE: An illegal exaction. Partridge dates it back only to ca. 1880. In the *Fan Kwai* at Canton (1882) it is stated that 'if the licensee (of the Hong merchants) ... was costly, it secured to them uninterrupted and extraordinary pecuniary advantages, but on the other hand it subjected them to 'calls' or 'squeezes' for contributions to public works. ... When the author of the *Fan Kwai* ... made a pass at a Tanka sampan-woman at Macao the latter cried out *Nai nai* Mandarin see; he squeeze meel he squeeze meel! Mandarin see. The *Hong Kong Daily Press* of 10th October, 1877, reports that 'Formerly the long view of native officials as a fat field for the practice of what is vulgarly known as squeezing, though politely termed taxation.'

SUT SHIAAM: Shirt in Hongkong Cantonese. The first element is the loan-word introduced with the foreign garment. The second element means 'garment.'

SYCEE: Pure silver (Chinese), *si*, 'fine silk' in Cantonese. Giles says that this name was given because silver, if really pure, may be drawn out into fine threads. The earliest reference to this word in English quoted in *Hobson Jobson* is that of Lockyer (1711): 'Formerly they used to sell for *Scees*, or Silver full fine; but of late the method is altered.' Giles quotes the following atrocious doggerel on the etymology of this word:

"Some ask me what the cause may be
That Chinese silver's called *sycee*,
'Tis probable they call it so
Because they sigh to see it go."

SZ MAAT: Smart, as a loan-word in Hongkong Cantonese.

SZ MAN TO: Cotton, in Hongkong Cantonese.

SZ TAAM: Stamp, in Hongkong Cantonese.

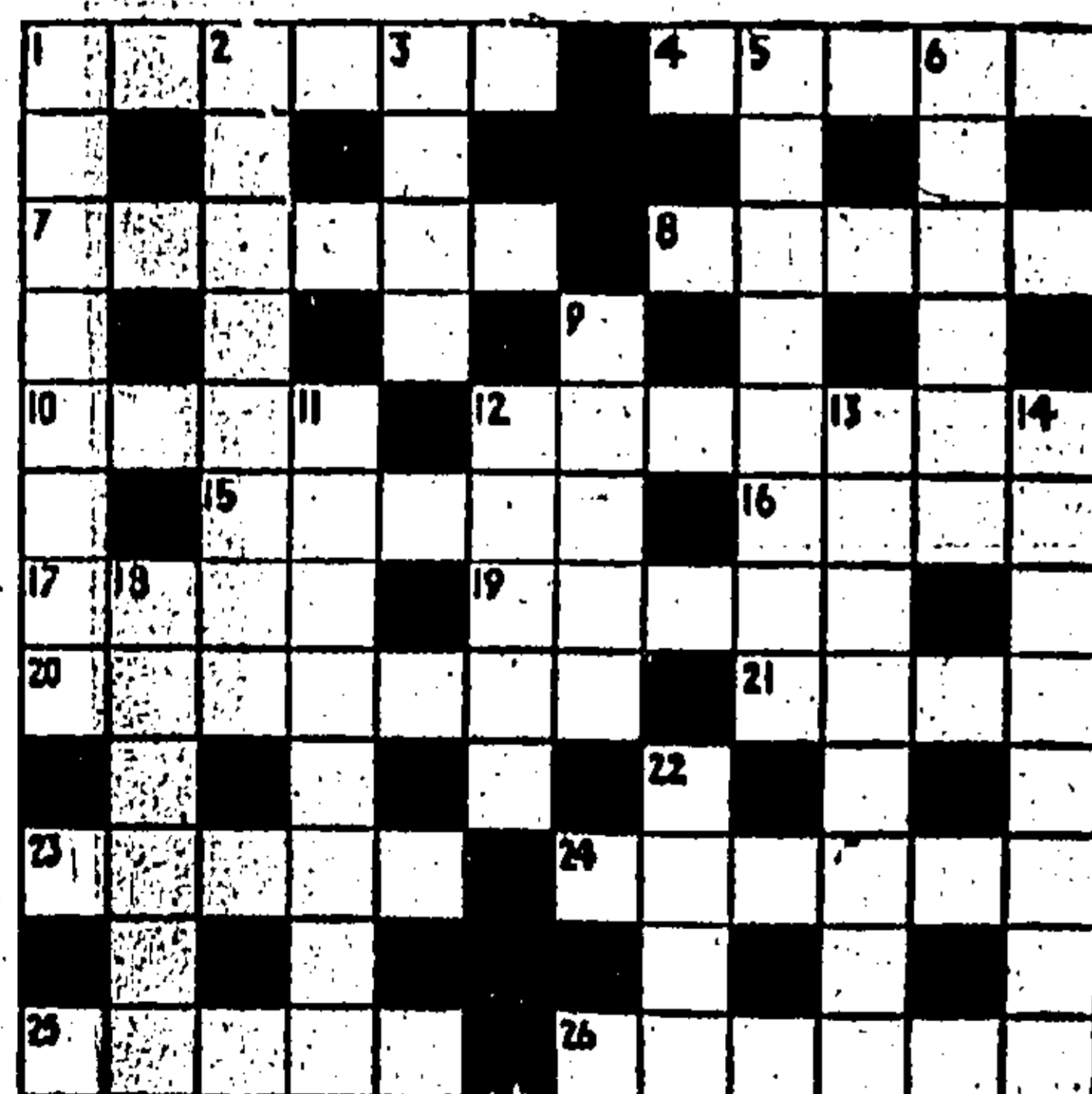
SZ TIM: Steam, in Hongkong Cantonese.

SZ TIK: Stick, in Hongkong Cantonese.

SZ TOH: Store, (i.e. shop), in Hongkong Cantonese.

SUET KO PAI: Ice-cream pie, in Cantonese. The last element is the English word *pie*.

A British Crossword Puzzle



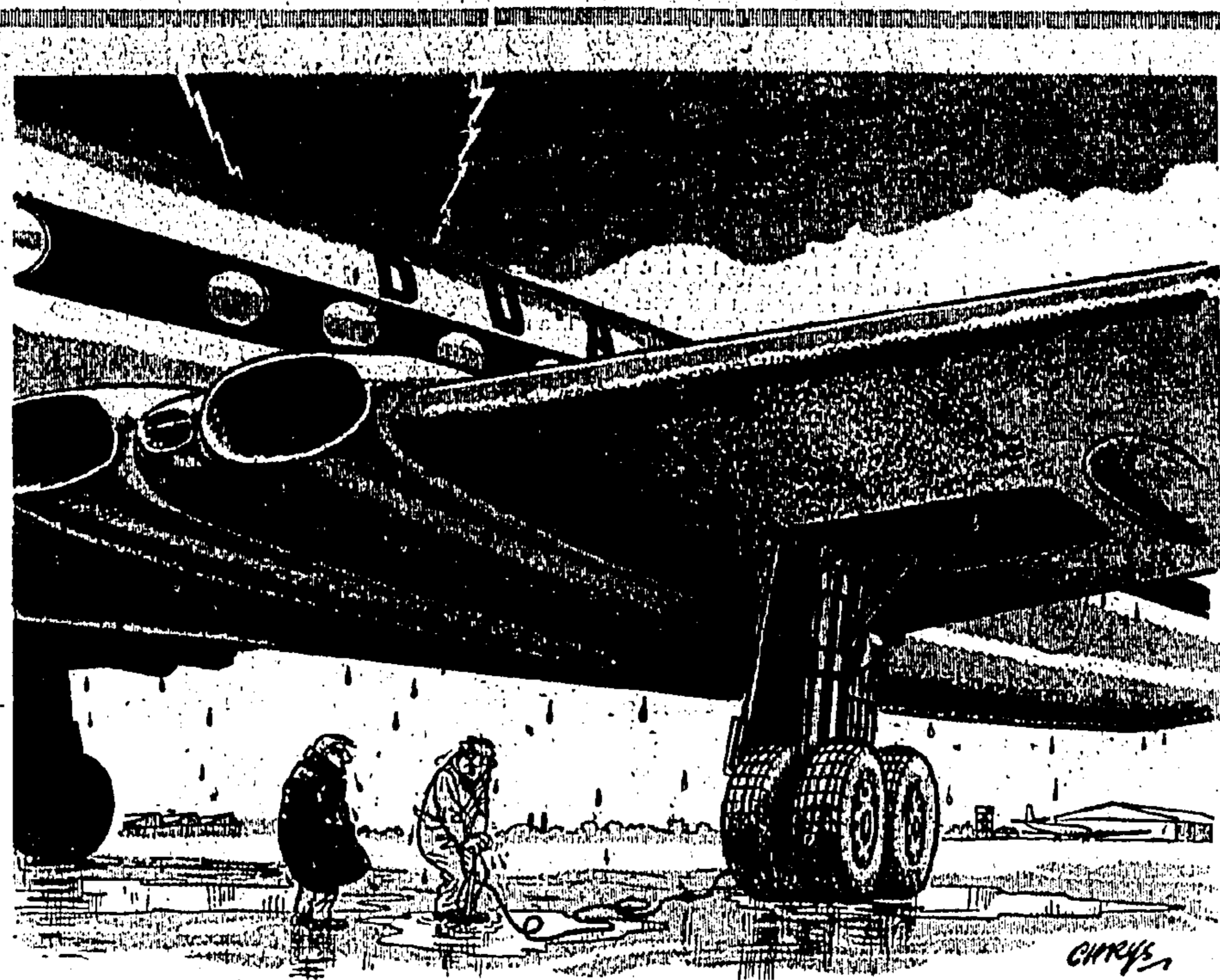
ACROSS

- 1 Down (6)
- 4 Ornamental jumper (5)
- 7 Lowered for sleep (6)
- 8 Girls' name (5)
- 10 Mine gallery (4)
- 12 More than a summary, to be exact (7)
- 15 Muscular piece, perhaps (5)
- 16 Brainwave (4)
- 17 Poet's name (4)
- 19 Pole, positively (5)
- 20 Such a commentary may, however, be a walking dead (7)
- 21 Gaid (by labour) (4)
- 23 Please don't die, girl! (5)
- 24 That's your lot! (6)
- 25 Narrative, mainly political (6)
- 26 Nothing to say (6)

DOWN

- 1 Lift, as (8)
- 2 —this one would call it (3)
- 3 Essayist (4)
- 5 Remover of royalty (8)
- 6 Agrees to become int (6)
- 9 Feature of forks (5)
- 11 The T.O. of P.T.O. (6)
- 12 Instruction or instruction for playing it (6)
- 18 His '185' are seldom practical (3)
- 14 What you get (8)
- 16 Red slab! Could be (8)
- 22 Two alike? (4)

CROSSWORD—Across: 3. Doodler; 8. Ant-rim; 10. Sock; 11. For-hum; 12. Ruse (sure); 13. Meier; 15. Dared; 16. Rump; 17. Lendable; 23. Con-pose; 25. As-sent; 26. Solitude. **Down:** 1. Banff; 2. Start; 3. Disused; 4. Omen; 5. Dais; 6. Eucaly; 7. Rotten; 9. Deaf; 14. Three; 15. Re-mare; 16. Treach; 17. Formal; 20. Lager; 21. Bath; 22. Lot; 23. Mead.



"BEATS ME WHY ANYBODY WANTS TO BEAT THE SUN!"

London Letter

ARE rich people really necessary? If the answer is "Yes," then should they be allowed to bequeath their wealth, or a large portion of it, to their heirs and successors?

This is not a quiz game (although it would provide a lively theme for discussion) but a serious question which has been made topical by the recent death of that remarkable 75-year-old woman—the Viscountess Rhonda.

It is essential to our story to take note that her father, David Alfred Thomas, was a Welshman who was educated at Oxford University but did not allow the romanticism of the senior University to blind himself to a stern realism. He became a big colliery owner, a member of Parliament, and despite a long personal feud with his fellow Welshman, David Lloyd George, the latter appointed him Minister of Health. Then in the 1914 war he took over the Ministry of Food and made a great success of it.

★ ★ ★

Just before the war was ended Lloyd George created him a Viscount but it was a glory that lasted only a few weeks. The ultimate democracy of death took him away from life's struggle and life's glory.

Alas! He had no son. The brief candle of a Viscountcy had gone out. There was a daughter but unhappily the British laws of succession ordain that hereditary titles, except with royalty, are only maintained through the male line.

Lloyd George, however, was determined to pay the debt of his fellow countryman so by special decree it was ordained that Rhonda's daughter should be created a Viscountess in her own right.

Here indeed was a difficult and delicate situation. In 1903 she married a mere baronet named Sir Humphrey Mackworth but the marriage was not a success and was eventually dissolved.

Up to that time the bestowal of a peerage on a woman was a very rare thing, but it brought happiness and a sense of purpose to Lady Rhonda. Her father had been a mighty servant of the state. Now she, his daughter, would create a weekly magazine in which she could play a part in moulding public opinion.

★ ★ ★

Unhappily a sense of purpose or even a sense of dedication is not enough to ensure success with the reading public. Yet she and her staff worked hard and produced an intelligent periodical, even though there was no touch of genius about it.

The name of the magazine was *TIME AND TIDE* and for a while it did well, but like all publications it had eventually to face the challenge of the new monster of television. But it remained alive.

There was a genuine grief among her editorial associates when Lady Rhonda's death was announced. She was a brave and

enthusiastic woman, dedicated to her magazine and its staff, and a champion of good causes. Yet her associates on *TIME AND TIDE* would have been less than human if their grief had not been partially caused by the publication of her kindly will.

She left an alleged £26,458 gross and in her will decreed that £20,000 should go to a friend in Wales, another £20,000 on trust for her nephew, a £1,000 here and there, and finally a charming instruction that a man named, who owned a tobacco-shop, should have a life gratuity of £26 a year "for keeping me supplied with matches for some 15 years."

For economy of space I have left out some other awards from her estate but you will agree with me that her goodness and generosity like her stubborn idealism, remained in the armour of her spirit to the very end.

★ ★ ★

All of which brings out the story to a very important point. We hear constantly about the high cost of living but it is time that here in Britain we should seriously consider the high cost of dying.

Every decent man has two basic ambitions—first to receive adequate financial reward for his work, and secondly to be able to leave his widow and family financially secure. But here in Britain we tax both the living and the dead at such a level that it is terribly difficult for a dead man's dependants to maintain anything like the level of life which he and his family had enjoyed.

Forgive me if I take for the sake of argument a self-employed writer like myself. I may not be a national hero, but the London Letter to learn that the Canadian magazine *Maclean's* not only pays me for my contributions but pay me in dollars. But am I allowed to retain the dollars? Not at all. The British Treasury takes them and gives me sterling in exchange. Having put the dollars into its capacious pocket it then proceeds to tax and super-tax the sterling.

The professional man, whether a doctor, a writer or an actor, is at a great disadvantage. The manufacturer can legitimately claim tax allowance against the cost of new plant but the professional man has no machinery to replace except the machinery of his mind. Yet if the professional man feels that he must rest his brain he can claim no unemployment allowance.

by
Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P.

But it is not merely the professional man who suffers from the burden of taxation. The managing director of a mighty industrial firm employing thousands of workers may draw a salary of £15,000 a year. The strain on him is great but so are the claims. The earnings of his company grow but if his salary grows with them the Treasury holds him up like a highwayman and demands a bigger share of the swag.

Inevitably the industrialist, and the self-employed man, turn to the medium where they might win. If, for example, I buy shares in a South African gold mine and the shares go up I can take my profit, if there is one, and pay no income tax upon it.

★ ★ ★

But if a man gives his very life blood in creating something that did not previously exist the Treasury close on the money like a grasping miser.

Fortunately in Britain there is a Prime Minister who is not merely a politician but a publisher of wide experience. We have heard probably too much about Macmillan's grandfather who lived in Scotland as a poor crofter but bred a family which in the third generation produced a mighty publishing house and eventually a great Prime Minister. But is the same road of opportunity open today? No one will say that the opportunity has ceased to exist—but the road narrows and the rewards lessen.

So we return to the strange and rather wistful story of Viscountess Rhonda. As a woman of honour she directed in her will that her trustees should discharge out of her general estate any sums owed by her or any guarantees she had given to the printers in connection with the publishing of *TIME AND TIDE*.

★ ★ ★

I have already mentioned her £20,000 on trust for her nephew, and a similar amount for a friend, but there were also a number of £1,000 benefactions to friends and colleagues. In fact a beautiful woman had departed life in an aura of beautiful generosity, even if her benefactions could only be partially realised.

Now let us leave her in the peace of eternity and end this London Letter with a short dissertation on the origin of death duties and their effect upon the social scene of the United Kingdom.

held back until a century ago and then introduced a progressive system of death duties. Canada, I am glad to say, held out against it as long as possible, but early in the Hitler war the Canadian Government imposed a combined Estate and Inheritance Duty—an example which was duly followed by other Dominions.

But has the process gone too far in the United Kingdom? One might argue that the preservation of the stately homes of England is not a matter of great importance yet it is these splendid relics of a former glory which give charm and character to the English countryside. Faced with heavy death duties the aristocrats have compromised with Fate. Thus the Duke of Marlborough, descended from the mighty conqueror and incidentally a relative of Sir Winston Churchill, decided to throw open the famous house "Blenheim" and its grounds at so much per head.

The Duke of Bedford went even further. He allowed the nudists to hold their annual convocation on his ancestral estate, Woburn Abbey, at so much per body. Then there is the Marquess of Bath who opened his splendid home Longleat and takes toll in the process.

In fact while the workers rest at the end of the week the peers toil.

★ ★ ★

Both the satirist and the realist might well agree that this advent of commercialism will eventually bring the aristocratic tradition to an end and make way for the common sense of democracy and equality. But the English refuse to believe that common sense is the finest flowering of the human spirit, just as they refuse to believe that there can be absolute equality in men or horses.

Well—there we are. The House of Lords still survives at Westminster just as the houses of the lords persist in the countryside.

But I am sorry that the greedy fingers of the Treasury took so heavy a toll of Lady Rhonda's estate, that her kindly bequests were cruelly reduced. She was a kindly and dedicated woman who gave more to life than she took from it.

When I began this London Letter it seemed inevitable that with the passing of the Lady Bountiful the struggling *TIME AND TIDE* would cease publication. But the editor has succeeded in getting sufficient backing to keep it going. Thus there is a time and there is a tide in the affairs of men and it is good news that this brave periodical is to continue its reforming task.

Nizo
Made in West Germany

"Nizo" estimated view with 50mm lens and 1/100 sec.

"Nizo" estimated view with 50mm lens and 1/100 sec.

"Nizo" estimated view with 50mm lens and 1/100 sec.

"Nizo" estimated view with 50mm lens and 1/100 sec.

BE PREPARED
AND SAVE MONEY
AT OUR

**BIGGEST
BENEFIT
BARGAINS**

Open on Monday
Sept. 29
HEERASONS
51/2 Nathan Road, Kowloon
Tel. 63731

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

Two Kings Pulled Down London Bridge

And down came company of soldiers with it

MOST of London's 14 road bridges over the Thames have an interesting story. The old Southwark Bridge, for example, was opened at midnight in 1819, by candlelight.

In the 18th century, Blackfriars Bridge had a half-penny toll, but when the charge was raised to a penny on Sundays, Londoners rioted and burned down the toll-house. This bridge was a memorial to William Pitt.

The finest bridge in Europe was thought to be London's former Waterloo Bridge. One of its gracefully curved arches, however, became weakened and in 1924 it was closed to traffic. Eleven years passed before it was decided to demolish the bridge and build a new one.

A former Westminster Bridge, built in 1039-50, was financed by lotteries. This was the bridge from which Wordsworth gazed and wrote his famous sonnet which begins, "Earth has not anything to show more fair".

Glided "pineapples" form part of the decoration of the present Lambeth Bridge, opened in 1932. It is believed that they are a tribute to the architect, to John Trudescant, the first man to import pineapples into England. He was buried under the old Lambeth Bridge.

Built Again

But none of these bridges can claim the great history of London Bridge. It is possible that there was a bridge not far east of the present one, as long ago as A.D. 43. When Aulus Plautius pursued the Britons across the Thames during the Roman Conquest, it is recorded that some of the troops swam across the river while others "got over the bridge a little way upstream".

In 1014, London Bridge figured prominently in a battle between King Ethelred and the

Danes. Supported by King Olaf of Norway, Ethelred sailed into the Thames with his fleet. The Danes had a castle in the City, arch in "Sulwicks" now Southwark, they had erected a stone and timber bulwark fortified by a strong army.

Between the castle and Southwark, over the Thames, was a broad bridge with raised battlements and built on piles driven into the river bed. The Norwegian ships lay alongside the bridge and were covered by great wooden platforms to withstand the missiles thrown down by the Danes.

Then Ethelred ordered cables to be put round the bridge piles. The cables were made fast to the boats, and the boats were rowed away. Down came the bridge, and with it the Danish company morning it.

A Monster

A century later, in 1330, London Bridge was down again, this time as a result of fire. Peter of Colechurch decided to build another bridge in 1370, but he died in 1385 before it could be completed. A chapel had already been erected on the bridge, however, and Peter was buried in the undercroft. This burial on a bridge must be unique.

By 1358, the bridge had become a busy trading centre with 138 shops, and the chapel still remained. Even then, it was possible that London Bridge shoppers still talked about the occasion in 1240 when a whale, "a monster of prodigious size", swam through one of the arches of the bridge. It was chased by sailors armed with slings and bows, and killed at Merlake after a long fight.

There was another fright in 1281, when a severe winter brought down great blocks of ice against the bridge with

such force that five arches gave way. This may have been the incident which gave rise to the famous song, "London Bridge is broken down, my fair lady".

The word "starlings" did not mean birds in the 17th century. Starlings then were wooden platforms which protected the piles of London Bridge and forced the water into narrow, fast-flowing channels. So dangerous were these starlings that an oil proverb was used to say "London Bridge was made for wise men to go over and fools to go under." On one day in November 1693, 15 people were drowned in the swirling waters under the bridge.

Between 1750 and 1762, the picturesque houses and shops on London Bridge were removed by Act of Parliament. Alternative accommodation appears to have been found for the evicted shopkeepers, but not all of them were happy in their new homes. Mr Baldwin, a 71-year-old haberdashery, complained that he could not get to sleep at Chislehurst, Kent. He missed the round of the Thames under his home.

In succeeding years, the bridge was patched up many times and it was not until 1821 that a committee of the House of Commons reported in favour of building an entirely new bridge. The first pile was driven in on March 15, 1824, and the bridge, which was not completed until 1831, it was in August of that year that the new granite bridge—the one that stands today—was opened by William IV and Queen Adelaide.

It has only five arches, compared with the 20 narrow ones of the old London Bridge, through which the tide had formed such dangerous rapids that it must have taken a greater toll of human life than any other bridge in history.

A back across a room

The chatter of the gayest party

An occasion that deserves the

finest Scotch



Grant's
SCOTCH WHISKY

Grant's is a whisky made by an old family concern As a companion to the happiest moments

IN THE TALL TRIANGULAR BOTTLE
Sole Distributors: WILSONS OFFSHORE, 21A Des Voeux Rd., C. Tel: 2222

If you travel by train almost anything can happen

TO the clanging of bells, the shrieks of children, and the wailing of farewells, the "Poona Express" pulled out of Bombay.

This is one of the most famous trains of India. It clings and whistles over 120 miles of gleaming, but steel-rail so hot that it burns the feet of the truckmen who cross it.

As soon as we had left Victoria Station, Bombay, an Inspector, dressed in white flannels and singlet, and wearing a white cap, came into the compartment.

He examined each ticket several times, both sides, and from various angles, as if he had never seen one before. This is the way of small officials in India.

Bobbed up

When the official had gone, the head of a small boy bobbed up outside the window. He had joined us at Bombay, and now, like several others, was having a free ride to the next stop, clinging on for dear life as the train thundered along.

His hair blew out straight in the wind. We entered a tunnel and thundered through. At the other end, as the light returned, he was, to my surprise, still clinging on and smiling toothily.

He left us at the next station, still smiling and filthy.

Stations in India are noisy, smelly, and confused. They are the perfect example of order not emerging from chaos.

Women in bright-coloured saris and men in off-white shirts and a kind of skirt wrapped round the legs, called a dhoti, rush about in panic.

Porters, all in crimson turbans, carry enormous loads on their heads—some balance as many as three large boxes with a massive bundle on top. (Few people have suitcases.)

Many travellers carry mattresses with them, for some train journeys take three days.

Mixing with these are numerous officials, all carrying flags, whistles, note-books and pencils. All dressed in spotless white trousers and wearing important-looking white topees.

The bells...

Suddenly one of the officials rings a bell hanging from the platform awning. The confusion now becomes immense. Everyone shouts at everyone else. Everyone waves his arms in desperation, or in anger. No one listens.

Nothing happens. This continues for a minute or two. Then the bell is rung again.

Pandemonium is let loose. Even the beggars who throng all stations in India get knocked aside.

The vendors of cold drinks, sweets and fruit follow potential customers inside the train.

All platforms on Indian stations are crowded with these soft-drink characters. Most of them have about half a dozen bottles of lemonade, which they

carry around in buckets of water. Every other man in India is trying to sell soft drinks. Water is brought round in a bucket free—to dip your hands in, drink, or pour down your neck.

But still the train has not left. Express in India merely means that a train does not stop at every possible station.

It just stops at nearly every possible station—usually for five minutes; sometimes for half an hour.

Flashed by

At last we moved off. Outside, the parched, scorched countryside of India flashed past the window. From the roof two fans whirled and shook in their sockets with dangerous-looking ease.

Our engine was a diesel. Much of the Indian rail system is electric or diesel. But the huge, clanking steam engines which we passed on the outskirts of Bombay were all that one would expect, with every conceivable kind of knob and hissing pipe attached.

The steel carriages are brown, with large, long windows. There are three classes, and all notices, on the stations and inside the compartments are in English as well as Hindi.

My companions were a business man and a student, both dressed in the inevitable off-white. Customs in train compartments vary somewhat between Britain and India. Even in first-class compartments.

In India it is normal to take your shoes off (few people wear shoes in the summer) and curl your feet up under you on the seat, or, alternatively, stick them out towards your neighbour.

Ardent

In a climate like India's this is comfortable, no doubt, but it has its disadvantages as far as the neighbours are concerned. "Take your shoes and socks off," the business man advised me.

INSIDE NEHRU'S INDIA

SECOND REPORT

route is known as one of the most picturesque in India. We left the coastal plains for the inner plateau. Slowly we climbed the steep gradients, while the dunes whirled and the passengers snored.

Not so good

The business man opened the door. I thought he had had enough and was going to jump out into the depths below. A great gust of hot air swirled about in the compartment.

"That's cooler," said the business man. I had not noticed it. The wind in India is so hot, it was as if a giant, even door had just been opened.

At the next station, we had a longer hold-up than usual. A cow had decided to lie flat on the sleepers, its head facing the engine. Cows are extraordinarily well thought of in India—in fact, they are sacred.

by BRIAN GARDNER

It took a good deal of respectful wheedling to get this one into the right frame of mind to move.

Fascination

The railways of India are one of the great engineering feats of the world. They have a strange fascination, and air of romance, despite their apparent listlessness.

Even to Indians who travel on them frequently, a train journey is always an event. It entails no end of planning and discussion. Some hire servants especially to look after them on a long journey.

We passed a narrow, winding river, beside which long, colourful saris (usually six yards long) were laid out to dry. Wild dogs stood and pointed at us as we tore by. From the open door, and the wide open windows, the dry, dusty fragrance of India rushed in.

Deserted

We could tell when we were getting near Poona—once the great British military centre in India—by the deserted remnant of camps in the countryside. On concrete slabs, Nissen huts once stood. In crumbling barracks blocks squatters have made their homes.

The district of Poona is like a ghostly Salisbury Plain, dropped in the middle of India. It is weirdly deserted. Not a soldier to be seen in mile after mile of barracks.

"They are all in Kashmir," I was told. "It is like a huge military zone up there."

The business man took me to his home—for a soft drink. He lived near the centre of the town in a white bungalow with verandahs. A boy was throwing water on to the matting on the outside walls in an attempt to keep the house cool.

The boy served us an lukewarm soft drink, which we drank out of the bottle.

"My wife found him in the streets," he said. "We have given him a home."

There was no fan, and the boy waved a large piece of cardboard in our faces.

Courteous

"We used to have a fan, but since we are not in the soft drink trade as when the British troops were here," I sat in the only chair in the room. My host and his wife

sprawled on the matting carpet. "Indians prefer it this way," he explained.

He showed me around the town. Most Indians are extraordinarily courteous. Most of them have plenty of time to be helpful to strangers.

"You will find a very odd atmosphere here," he said. "I did. I found deserted streets, an occasional lounging sentry reading a newspaper, taxi-drivers strolling around waiting for something to happen, and empty shops, many of which still tailoring and food."

Refugees from Pakistan have collected here with the usual army of hangers-on.

The hovels in which they live on the outskirts of the town are waist-high structures, which you can enter only by crawling in on hands and knees.

The whole town has an air of decay. The few troops one does see are by no means smart. Here are traces of white pallid round a tree on a dangerous corner; there is what might once have been a tidy barracks block.

Windows in empty offices, quarters bang in the breeze. The famous Main Street is now known as Mahatma Gandhi Road.

There is very little to show that the British Army once passed this way.

NEXT WEEK:

Pilgrimage to Benares

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

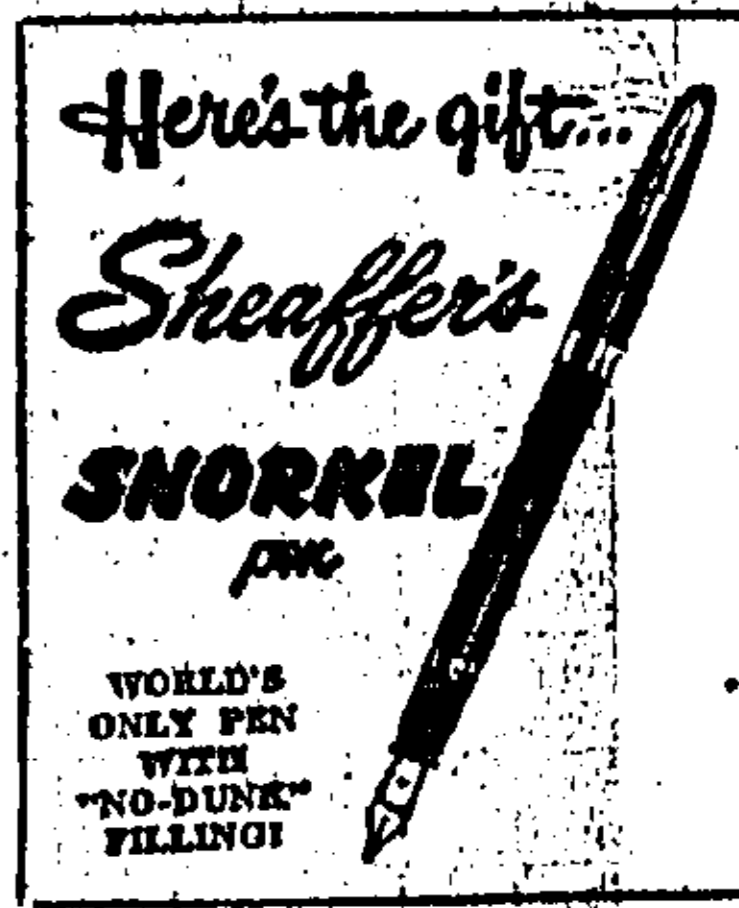


HELLO—HOWDY HOMEY—MANDRAKE—A FRONT WINDOW WAS OPEN—

OH—YES—LOVE—IT—

I WAS LOOKING DOWN OUR HALLS AND KNEES!

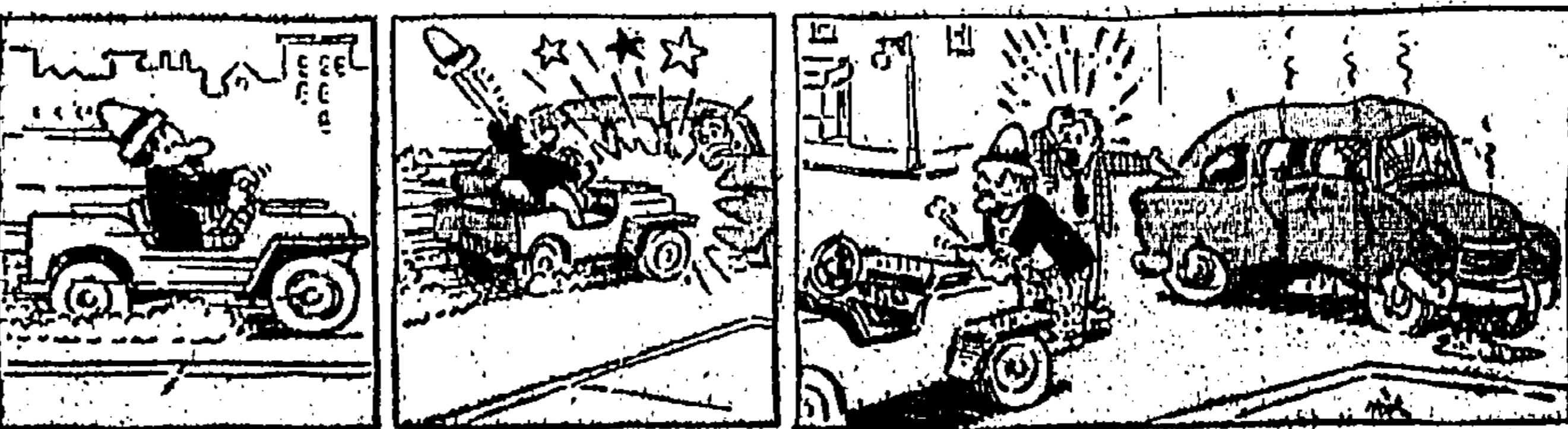
QUICK—DOWN OUR HALLS AND KNEES!



Here's the gift...
Sheaffer's
SNORKEL
PEN
WORLD'S ONLY PEN WITH "NO-DUNE" FILLING!

FERD'NAND

By Mik




SWISSAIR

JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins



HE'S GOING TO PLOW INTO US, JOHNNY! RETRACK HIM!

SLAMMING THE ELEVATOR STOP HOME, JOHNNY, FEELS THE COPTER RISING SLOWLY... TOO SLOWLY!



AUSTIN
COMMERCIAL
METRO CARS (INDIA) LTD.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Your garden sort of went to pot while you were away, Ed—I could hardly find the tomatoes for the woods!"

ROUND-UP

GUARDS VISIT COLDSTREAM

FOR the first time in 37 years the Coldstream Guards are back in the area where the regiment was raised over 300 years ago. The 2nd Battalion of the regiment formed by Colonel George Monck is spending five weeks in camp near Otterburn, Northumberland. It is a fact that more soldiers join the regiment from the North than from any other area in Britain. It was a great day for the battalion when, at the invitation of the Provost, the men visited Coldstream, South Berwickshire. History records that in the winter of 1659-60, when stationed at Coldstream, the regiment marched to London to restore Charles II to the throne. It was this great march from Coldstream that gave the regiment its name. Two hundred-fifty years from the regiment were at the Newcastle v. Manchester United match on September 13.

FAMOUS CITY HALL

LONDON'S historic Barbican Hall may be shared by a second organisation when it is built—at a cost of £150,000—next year. There is a possibility the hall may be used in association with another learned body, said Mr J. Trustarham, clerk to the Company of Barber-Surgeons, in London. The new hall to replace the one destroyed by enemy bombing in December, 1940, will cover most of the Cripplegate site it has occupied for the last 600 years. But the company has been asked to move the hall 30ft. forward, and negotiations are going on with the City Corporation for an exchange of land. When it finished the company's art treasures, dispersed before the bombing, will be returned to it. One is the great Holbein picture of Henry VII, much admired by Popeye which has been in safe-keeping at Hampton Court. Priceless silver will also be moved into the new hall, together with the Master's chair.

STUDY TOUR

SIX Westminster Hospital medical students are leaving soon for the Belgian Congo on a scientific expedition, which will take 3½ months and cover 12,000 miles. The students will observe bodily changes in people actually travelling to and in the tropics. Conditions will range from flooded areas near Lake Chad to desert in the Sahara. The party will return through French Equatorial Africa to Nigeria, across the Sahara to Algiers, and then to Tangier.

THESE ARE THE MEN YOU SO VERY RARELY SEE... BUT THE WAY THEY MAKE A FILM IS AS PERSONAL AS A SIGNATURE...

MY FIVE TOP TALENTS

By MILTON SHULMAN

DIRECTORS are constantly bewailing their anonymity. But the fault is largely the public.

They have preferred to choose their films by an actor's face rather than a director's touch. Attempts to publicise directors have rarely meant much at the box-office.

But, occasionally, a director's genius has broken through this indifference barrier. A film made by Lubitsch or Renoir or John Ford was as recognisable and unique as a man's signature. Audiences came to realise that such talents were a surer guide to good pictures than the presence of a star.

IMAGINATIVE

Before the war few British directors had achieved the distinction of public recognition. Perhaps only Alfred Hitchcock—and he had to go to Hollywood to solidify his fame.

But the post-war years have been different. Opportunity to make pictures has been matched by a growing assurance and imaginative skill among British directors.

Today there are at least five directors working in British studios who have won international acclaim, and whose names on the sub-titles mean more to audiences than merely a few feet of flickering celluloid.

INTELLECTUAL

Sir Carol Reed.—There is almost a hypnotic compulsion about a Carol Reed film. Even when they are unsuccessful they command attention because they are forever promising excitement.

In films like *Odd Man Out*, *The Fallen Idol* and *The Third Man* he has brought an intellectual dimension to the orthodox thriller. This is largely due to the vivid visual strokes he uses to delineate a character.

There is a penchant for the bizarre in Reed's taste which delights in trapping the exotic and outlandish on celluloid. The eerie atmosphere of espionage in *Night Train to Munich*, the sultry environment of Conrad's novel, *The Outcast of the*

Islands, the quaint cockney exuberance of *A Kid or Two*—things, the sprightly vivacity of the circus in *Trapeze*, are subjects which tempt him—sometimes with less than happy results.

His use of the camera is superb. A bouncing ball, a stalking cat, a winding staircase can invest a scene with more drama than a wealth of words. And his wizardry with a sound track needs no better testimony than the haunting zither music of *The Third Man*.

CRAFTSMANSHIP

With his demanding interest in details, his films take a long time in the making. Having just completed *The Key*, a tale of tugboats and passion, it will probably be close to two years before we see another picture from him.

But at the age of fifty-one, his flair and craftsmanship have made him one of the few living directors whose name alone is enough to send millions scurrying to the cinema.

Sir Laurence Olivier.—A good part of Britain's growing prestige in the film world has been due to the films of Henry V, *Hamlet* and *Richard III*. Sir Laurence Olivier single-handedly proved that Shakespeare can be as excitingly stimulating on the screen as on the stage.

Until Olivier tackled our greatest cultural asset, the Bard had been considered impossible even material. Hollywood productions such as *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Romeo and Juliet* had to be written off as experimental failures.

Yet in the more rugged environment of masculine courage he showed himself no less effective. The sweating suspense of *The Sound Barrier* and the bitter irony of *The Bridge on the River Kwai* show that his talent has hardened into a flexible and muscular maturity with the years.

For the latter film he won an Oscar as the best director of 1957. This was a timely and fitting tribute to a man who, in spite of occasional failures, has always treated the cinema as an adult and imaginative medium.

RARE FEAT

But just after the war: Olivier's production of *Henry V* showed the camera to enhance rather than clutter up the poetry, taking advantage of the wide open spaces of the cinema to stage such magnificent spectacles as the charge of horses at Agincourt, he achieved the rare feat of intellectual and exciting film-making.

Hamlet displeased some of the pedants who would have nothing of this masterpiece cut, smuggly

falling to realise that a complete *Hamlet* would have meant a film over four hours long. But to the less exacting this was an impressive re-creation of a great theatrical experience. *Richard III* was a superb interpretation of this complex plot of majestic malevolence.

STIFFNESS

Olivier's one venture into non-Shakespearean direction, *The Prince and the Showgirl*, revealed some awkward stiffness in a few of the scenes, but with Marilyn Monroe panting seductively at his side it was successful enough at the box office.

The news that his red beard is to be shaved off and that the projected film of *Macbeth* has been shelved for the moment is a sad sign of the times, but one suspects that Olivier's prodigious enthusiasm and resolution will see to it that the postponement is not over-long.

GLOWING

David Lean.—By climbing from the ranks of clapper-boy up through the technical rungs of film production to the role of director, David Lean learned that good films were made in the cutting-room. His pictures have a glowing and articulate visual quality, equalled only by Carol Reed.

They have, too, a sentimental tenderness, missing from the work of most of his colleagues. The throat-catching pathos of *Brief Encounter* and the lush enchantment of middle-aged infatuation in *Summer Madness* belied the British reputation for romantic indifference.

Yet in the more rugged environment of masculine courage he showed himself no less effective. The sweating suspense of *The Sound Barrier* and the bitter irony of *The Bridge on the River Kwai* show that his talent has hardened into a flexible and muscular maturity with the years.

For the latter film he won an Oscar as the best director of 1957. This was a timely and fitting tribute to a man who, in spite of occasional failures, has always treated the cinema as an adult and imaginative medium.

• BY • THE • WAY •
by Beachcomber

HE is a bold man, Robur of Hercules Triplez Circa Pectus, who comes between a starfish and an oyster. Off Long Island, I read, these two delicacies are at daggers drawn, and divers are trying to separate them.

An oyster, when attacked, usually sits quietly behind the armour of its shell, but the Arcadian tribe often loses their tempers and spit pearls, but I don't think so. The most coddish enemy of the oyster is a little sea-beast who bores holes in the shell and eats the contents. This is described in Professor Newham-Pawson's "Aspects of the Lamellibranch," with woodcuts by Dame Arcady Pascoe, T.L.H. By the way, the Chinese oyster has a double shell, but I don't think so.

He stumbled ashore

NO Channel-swimming exploit ever moves one as much as the sensational feat of 1951. Just after dawn a man who had come in a motor-boat from France changed into a swimming suit, got overboard and waded ashore, shouting "I've done it!" He collapsed exhausted on the beach and lay there until an early bather found him. He was given a civic welcome and a lunch by the little port at which he had landed. He gave his name as Barlow, but to this day the sceptical believe that it was Captain Poultonough.

"... Shall I call this bird?"

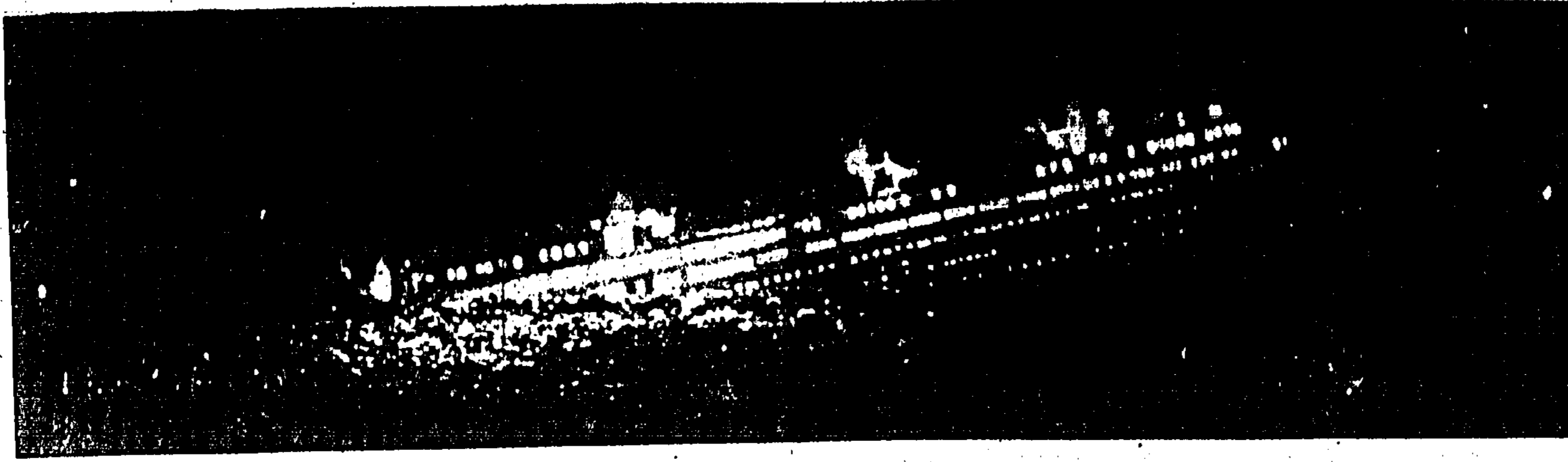
True description of a kitesailor's life "with a well-stocked built-in cocktail cabinet" as it

"cosy nest" makes me wonder if the owner ever spares a thought for the less cosy nest of the wry-necked beercrest. This songster has to content itself with a mess of feathers, mud and bits of mouldy straw. The owner of one such kitchenette sits on a bolted egg in the middle of the floor, thinking bird-thoughts till the crows come home. And if the crows have a particle of gumption, they will never come home.

CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEN

"Never leave the king in the centre too long" is the theme of this game, awarded the Best Game Prize in last year's Mid-Atlantic Boys' Championship (D. J. Mabbie v. M. M. Groido). 1 P-K4, P-K3; 2 P-Q4, P-K3; 3 Kt-K3, P-K3; 4 P-K3, P-K3; 5 P-K4, P-K3; 6 P-K4, P-K3; 7 Q-K4, P-K3; 8 P-K3, P-K3; 9 Kt-K3, P-K3; 10 P-K3, P-K3; 11 Kt-K3, P-K3; 12 Kt-K3, P-K3; 13 Kt-K3, P-K3; 14 Q-K3, P-K3; 15 Q-K3, P-K3; 16 Q-K3, P-K3; 17 B-K2, P-K3; 18 Kt-K3, P-K3; 19 Q-K3, P-K3; 20 Kt-K3, P-K3; 21 Kt-K3, P-K3; 22 Kt-K3, P-K3; 23 Kt-K3, P-K3; 24 Kt-K3, P-K3; 25 Kt-K3, P-K3; 26 Kt-K3, P-K3; 27 Kt-K3, P-K3; 28 Kt-K3, P-K3; 29 Kt-K3, P-K3; 30 Kt-K3, P-K3; 31 Kt-K3, P-K3; 32 Kt-K3, P-K3; 33 Kt-K3, P-K3; 34 Kt-K3, P-K3; 35 Kt-K3, P-K3; 36 Kt-K3, P-K3; 37 Kt-K3, P-K3; 38 Kt-K3, P-K3; 39 Kt-K3, P-K3; 40 Kt-K3, P-K3; 41 Kt-K3, P-K3; 42 Kt-K3, P-K3; 43 Kt-K3, P-K3; 44 Kt-K3, P-K3; 45 Kt-K3, P-K3; 46 Kt-K3, P-K3; 47 Kt-K3, P-K3; 48 Kt-K3, P-K3; 49 Kt-K3, P-K3; 50 Kt-K3, P-K3; 51 Kt-K3, P-K3; 52 Kt-K3, P-K3; 53 Kt-K3, P-K3; 54 Kt-K3, P-K3; 55 Kt-K3, P-K3; 56 Kt-K3, P-K3; 57 Kt-K3, P-K3; 58 Kt-K3, P-K3; 59 Kt-K3, P-K3; 60 Kt-K3, P-K3; 61 Kt-K3, P-K3; 62 Kt-K3, P-K3; 63 Kt-K3, P-K3; 64 Kt-K3, P-K3; 65 Kt-K3, P-K3; 66 Kt-K3, P-K3; 67 Kt-K3, P-K3; 68 Kt-K3, P-K3; 69 Kt-K3, P-K3; 70 Kt-K3, P-K3; 71 Kt-K3, P-K3; 72 Kt-K3, P-K3; 73 Kt-K3, P-K3; 74 Kt-K3, P-K3; 75 Kt-K3, P-K3; 76 Kt-K3, P-K3; 77 Kt-K3, P-K3; 78 Kt-K3, P-K3; 79 Kt-K3, P-K3; 80 Kt-K3, P-K3; 81 Kt-K3, P-K3; 82 Kt-K3, P-K3; 83 Kt-K3, P-K3; 84 Kt-K3, P-K3; 85 Kt-K3, P-K3; 86 Kt-K3, P-K3; 87 Kt-K3, P-K3; 88 Kt-K3, P-K3; 89 Kt-K3, P-K3; 90 Kt-K3, P-K3; 91 Kt-K3, P-K3; 92 Kt-K3, P-K3; 93 Kt-K3, P-K3; 94 Kt-K3, P-K3; 95 Kt-K3, P-K3; 96 Kt-K3, P-K3; 97 Kt-K3, P-K3; 98 Kt-K3, P-K3; 99 Kt-K3, P-K3; 100 Kt-K3, P-K3; 101 Kt-K3, P-K3; 102 Kt-K3, P-K3; 103 Kt-K3, P-K3; 104 Kt-K3, P-K3; 105 Kt-K3, P-K3; 106 Kt-K3, P-K3; 107 Kt-K3, P-K3; 108 Kt-K3, P-K3; 109 Kt-K3, P-K3; 110 Kt-K3, P-K3; 111 Kt-K3, P-K3; 112 Kt-K3, P-K3; 113 Kt-K3, P-K3; 114 Kt-K3, P-K3; 115 Kt-K3, P-K3; 116 Kt-K3, P-K3; 117 Kt-K3, P-K3; 118 Kt-K3, P-K3; 119 Kt-K3, P-K3; 120 Kt-K3, P-K3; 121 Kt-K3, P-K3; 122 Kt-K3, P-K3; 123 Kt-K3, P-K3; 124 Kt-K3, P-K3; 125 Kt-K3, P-K3; 126 Kt-K3, P-K3; 127 Kt-K3, P-K3; 128 Kt-K3, P-K3; 129 Kt-K3, P-K3; 130 Kt-K3, P-K3; 131 Kt-K3, P-K3; 132 Kt-K3, P-K3; 133 Kt-K3, P-K3; 134 Kt-K3, P-K3; 135 Kt-K3, P-K3; 136 Kt-K3, P-K3; 137 Kt-K3, P-K3; 138 Kt-K3, P-K3; 139 Kt-K3, P-K3; 140 Kt-K3, P-K3; 141 Kt-K3, P-K3; 142 Kt-K3, P-K3; 143 Kt-K3, P-K3; 144 Kt-K3, P-K3; 145 Kt-K3, P-K3; 146 Kt-K3, P-K3; 147 Kt-K3, P-K3; 148 Kt-K3, P-K3; 149 Kt-K3, P-K3; 150 Kt-K3, P-K3; 151 Kt-K3, P-K3; 152 Kt-K3, P-K3; 153 Kt-K3, P-K3; 154 Kt-K3, P-K3; 155 Kt-K3, P-K3; 156 Kt-K3, P-K3; 157 Kt-K3, P-K3; 158 Kt-K3, P-K3; 159 Kt-K3, P-K3; 160 Kt-K3, P-K3; 161 Kt-K3, P-K3; 162 Kt-K3, P-K3; 163 Kt-K3, P-K3; 164 Kt-K3, P-K3; 165 Kt-K3, P-K3; 166 Kt-K3, P-K3; 167 Kt-K3, P-K3; 168 Kt-K3, P-K3; 169 Kt-K3, P-K3; 170 Kt-K3, P-K3; 171 Kt-K3, P-K3; 172 Kt-K3, P-K3; 173 Kt-K3, P-K3; 174 Kt-K3, P-K3; 175 Kt-K3, P-K3; 176 Kt-K3, P-K3; 177 Kt-K3, P-K3; 178 Kt-K3, P-K3; 179 Kt-K3, P-K3; 180 Kt-K3, P-K3; 181 Kt-K3, P-K3; 182 Kt-K3, P-K3; 183 Kt-K3, P-K3; 184 Kt-K3, P-K3; 185 Kt-K3, P-K3; 186 Kt-K3, P-K3; 187 Kt-K3, P-K3; 188 Kt-K3, P-K3; 189 Kt-K3, P-K3; 190 Kt-K3, P-K3; 191 Kt-K3, P-K3; 192 Kt-K3, P-K3; 193 Kt-K3, P-K3; 194 Kt-K3, P-K3; 195 Kt-K3, P-K3; 196 Kt-K3, P-K3; 197 Kt-K3, P-K3; 198 Kt-K3, P-K3; 199 Kt-K3, P-K3; 200 Kt-K3, P-K3; 201 Kt-K3, P-K3; 202 Kt-K3, P-K3; 203 Kt-K3, P-K3; 204 Kt-K3, P-K3; 205 Kt-K3, P-K3; 206 Kt-K3, P-K3; 207 Kt-K3, P-K3; 208 Kt-K3, P-K3; 209 Kt-K3, P-K3; 210 Kt-K3, P-K3; 211 Kt-K3, P-K3; 212 Kt-K3, P-K3; 213 Kt-K3, P-K3; 214 Kt-K3, P-K3; 215 Kt-K3, P-K3; 216 Kt-K3, P-K3; 217 Kt-K3, P-K3; 218 Kt-K3, P-K3; 219 Kt-K3, P-K3; 220 Kt-K3, P-K3; 221 Kt-K3, P-K3; 222 Kt-K3, P-K3; 223 Kt-K3, P-K3; 224 Kt-K3, P-K3; 225 Kt-K3, P-K3; 226 Kt-K3, P-K3; 227 Kt-K3, P-K3; 228 Kt-K3, P-K3; 229 Kt-K3, P-K3; 230 Kt-K3, P-K3; 231 Kt-K3, P-K3; 232 Kt-K3, P-K3; 233 Kt-K3, P-K3; 234 Kt-K3, P-K3; 235 Kt-K3, P-K3; 236 Kt-K3, P-K3; 237 Kt-K3, P-K3; 238 Kt-K3, P-K3; 239 Kt-K3, P-K3; 240 Kt-K3, P-K3; 241 Kt-K3, P-K3; 242 Kt-K3, P-K3; 243 Kt-K3, P-K3; 244 Kt-K3, P-K3; 245 Kt-K3, P-K3; 246 Kt-K3, P-K3; 247 Kt-K3, P-K3; 248 Kt-K3, P-K3; 249 Kt-K3, P-K3; 250 Kt-K3, P-K3; 251 Kt-K3, P-K3; 252 Kt-K3, P-K3; 253 Kt-K3, P-K3; 254 Kt-K3, P-K3; 255 Kt-K3, P-K3; 256 Kt-K3, P-K3; 257 Kt-K3, P-K3; 258 Kt-K3, P-K3; 259 Kt-K3, P-K3; 260 Kt-K3, P-K3; 261 Kt-K3, P-K3; 262 Kt-K3, P-K3; 263 Kt-K3, P-K3; 264 Kt-K3, P-K3; 265 Kt-K3, P-K3; 266 Kt-K3, P-K3; 267 Kt-K3, P-K3; 268 Kt-K3, P-K3; 269 Kt-K3, P-K3; 270 Kt-K3, P-K3; 271 Kt-K3, P-K3; 272 Kt-K3, P-K3; 273 Kt-K3, P-K3; 274 Kt-K3, P-K3; 275 Kt-K3, P-K3; 276 Kt-K3, P-K3; 277 Kt-K3, P-K3; 278 Kt-K3, P-K3; 279 Kt-K3, P-K3; 280 Kt-K3, P-K3; 281 Kt-K3, P-K3; 282 Kt-K3, P-K3; 283 Kt-K3, P-K3; 284 Kt-K3, P-K3; 285 Kt-K3, P-K3; 286 Kt-K3, P-K3; 287 Kt-K3, P-K3; 288 Kt-K3, P-K3; 289 Kt-K3, P-K3; 290 Kt-K3, P-K3; 291 Kt-K3, P-K3; 292 Kt-K3, P-K3; 293 Kt-K3, P-K3; 294 Kt-K3, P-K3; 295 Kt-K3, P-K3; 296 Kt-K3, P-K3; 297 Kt-K3, P-K3; 298 Kt-K3, P-K3; 299 Kt-K3, P-K3; 300 Kt-K3, P-K3; 301 Kt-K3, P-K3; 302 Kt-K3, P-K3; 303 Kt-K3, P-K3; 304 Kt-K3, P-K3; 305 Kt-K3, P-K3; 306 Kt-K3, P-K3; 307 Kt-K3, P-K3; 308 Kt-K3, P-K3; 309 Kt-K3, P-K3; 310 Kt-K3, P-K3; 311 Kt-K3, P-K3; 312 Kt-K3, P-K3; 313 Kt-K3, P-K3; 314 Kt-K3, P-K3; 315 Kt-K3, P-K3; 316 Kt-K3, P-K3; 317 Kt-K3, P-K3; 318 Kt-K3, P-K3; 319 Kt-K3, P-K3; 320 Kt-K3, P-K3; 321 Kt-K3, P-K3; 322 Kt-K3, P-K3; 323 Kt-K3, P-K3; 324 Kt-K3, P-K3; 325 Kt-K3, P-K3; 326 Kt-K3, P-K3; 327 Kt-K3, P-K3; 328 Kt-K3, P-K3; 329 Kt-K3, P-K3; 330 Kt-K3, P-K3; 331 Kt-K3, P-K3; 332 Kt-K3, P-K3; 333 Kt-K3, P-K3; 334 Kt-K3, P-K3; 335 Kt-K3, P-K3; 336 Kt-K3, P-K3; 337 Kt-K3, P-K3; 338 Kt-K3, P-K3; 339 Kt-K3, P-K3; 340 Kt-K3, P-K3; 341 Kt-K3, P-K3; 342 Kt-K3, P-K3; 343 Kt-K3, P-K3; 344 Kt-K3, P-K3; 345 Kt-K3, P-K3; 346 Kt-K3, P-K3; 347 Kt-K3, P-K3; 348 Kt-K3, P-K3; 349 Kt-K3, P-K3; 350 Kt-K3, P-K3; 351 Kt-K3, P-K3; 352 Kt-K3, P-K3; 353 Kt-K3, P-K3; 354 Kt-K3, P-K3; 355 Kt-K3, P-K3; 356 Kt-K3, P-K3; 357 Kt-K3, P-K3; 358 Kt-K3, P-K3; 359 Kt-K3, P-K3; 360 Kt-K3, P-K3; 361 Kt-K3, P-K3; 362 Kt-K3, P-K3; 363 Kt-K3, P-K3; 364 Kt-K3, P-K3; 365 Kt-K3, P-K3; 366 Kt-K3, P-K3; 367 Kt-K3, P-K3; 368 Kt-K3, P-K3; 369 Kt-K3, P-K3; 370 Kt-K3, P-K3; 371 Kt-K3, P-K3; 372 Kt-K3, P-K3; 373 Kt-K3, P-K3; 374 Kt-K3, P-K3; 375 Kt-K3, P-K3; 376 Kt-K3, P-K3; 377 Kt-K3, P-K3; 378 Kt-K3, P-K3; 379 Kt-K3, P-K3; 380 Kt-K3, P-K3; 381 Kt-K3, P-K3; 382 Kt-K3, P-K3; 383 Kt-K3, P-K3; 384 Kt-K3, P-K3; 385 Kt-K3, P-K3; 386 Kt-K3, P-K3; 387 Kt-K3, P-K3; 388 Kt-K3, P-K3; 389 Kt-K3, P-K3; 390 Kt-K3, P-K3; 391 Kt-K3, P-K3; 392 Kt-K3, P-K3; 393 Kt-K3, P-K3; 394 Kt-K3, P-K3; 395 Kt-K3, P-K3; 396 Kt-K3, P-K3; 397 Kt-K3, P-K3; 398 Kt-K3, P-K3; 399 Kt-K3, P-K3; 400 Kt-K3, P-K3; 401 Kt-K3, P-K3; 402 Kt-K3, P-K3; 403 Kt-K3, P-K3; 404 Kt-K3, P-K3; 405 Kt-K3, P-K3; 406 Kt-K3, P-K3; 407 Kt-K3, P-K3; 408 Kt-K3, P-K3; 409 Kt-K3, P-K3; 410 Kt-K3, P-K3; 411 Kt-K3, P-K3; 412 Kt-K3, P-K3; 413 Kt-K3, P-K3; 414 Kt-K3, P-K3; 415 Kt-K3, P-K3; 416 Kt-K3, P-K3; 417 Kt-K3, P-K3; 418 Kt-K3, P-K3; 419 Kt-K3, P-K3; 420 Kt-K3, P-K3; 421 Kt-K3, P-K3; 422 Kt-K3, P-K3; 423 Kt-K3, P-K3; 424 Kt-K3, P-K3; 425 Kt-K3, P-K3; 426 Kt-K3, P-K3; 427 Kt-K3, P-K3; 428 Kt-K3, P-K3; 429 Kt-K3, P-K3; 430 Kt-K3, P-K3; 431 Kt-K3, P-K3; 432 Kt-K3, P-K3; 433 Kt-K3, P-K3; 434 Kt-K3, P-K3; 435 Kt-K3, P-K3; 436 Kt-K3, P-K3; 437 Kt-K3, P-K3; 438 Kt-K3, P-K3; 439 Kt-K3, P-K3; 440 Kt-K3, P-K3; 441 Kt-K3, P-K3; 442 Kt-K3, P-K3; 443 Kt-K3, P-K3; 444 Kt-K3, P-K3; 445 Kt-K3, P-K3; 446 Kt-K3, P-K3; 447 Kt-K3, P-K3; 448 Kt-K3, P-K3; 449 Kt-K3, P-K3; 450 Kt-K3, P-K3; 451 Kt-K3, P-K3; 452 Kt-K3, P-K3; 453 Kt-K3, P-K3; 454 Kt-K3, P-K3; 455 Kt-K3, P-K3; 456 Kt-K3, P-K3; 457 Kt-K3, P-K3; 458 Kt-K3, P-K3; 459 Kt-K3, P-K3; 460 Kt-K3, P-K3; 461 Kt-K3, P-K3; 462 Kt-K3, P-K3; 463 Kt-K3, P-K3; 464 Kt-K3, P-K3; 465 Kt-K3, P-K3; 466 Kt-K3, P-K3; 467 Kt-K3, P-K3; 468 Kt-K3, P-K3; 469 Kt-K3, P-K3; 470 Kt-K3, P-K3; 471 Kt-K3, P-K3; 472 Kt-K3, P-K3; 473 Kt-K3, P-K3; 474 Kt-K3, P-K3; 475 Kt-K3, P-K3; 476 Kt-K3, P-K3; 477 Kt-K3, P-K3; 478 Kt-K3, P-K3; 479 Kt-K3, P-K3; 480 Kt-K3, P-K3; 481 Kt-K3, P-K3; 482 Kt-K3, P-K3; 483 Kt-K3, P-K3; 484 Kt-K3, P-K3; 485 Kt-K3, P-K3; 486 Kt-K3, P-K3; 487 Kt-K3, P-K3; 488 Kt-K3, P-K3; 489 Kt-K3, P-K3; 490 Kt-K3, P-K3; 491 Kt-K3, P-K3; 492 Kt-K3, P-K3; 493 Kt-K3, P-K3; 494 Kt-K3, P-K3; 495 Kt-K3, P-K3; 496 Kt-K3, P-K3; 497 Kt-K3, P-K3; 498 Kt-K3, P-K3; 499 Kt-K3, P-K3; 500 Kt-K3, P-K3; 501 Kt-K3, P-K3; 502 Kt-K3, P-K3; 503 Kt-K3, P-K3; 504 Kt-K3, P-K3; 505 Kt-K3, P-K3; 506 Kt-K3, P-K3; 507 Kt-K3, P-K3; 508 Kt-K3, P-K3; 509 Kt-K3, P-K3; 510 Kt-K3, P-K3; 511 Kt-K3, P-K3; 512 Kt-K3, P-K3; 513 Kt-K3, P-K3; 514 Kt-K3, P-K3; 515 Kt-K3, P-K3; 516 Kt-K3, P-K3; 517 Kt-K3, P-K3; 518 Kt-K3, P-K3; 519 Kt-K3, P-K3; 520 Kt-K3, P-K3; 521 Kt-K3, P-K3; 522 Kt-K3, P-K3; 523 Kt-K3, P-K3; 524 Kt-K3, P-K3; 525 Kt-K3, P-K3; 526 Kt-K3, P-K3; 527 Kt-K3, P-K3; 528 Kt-K3, P-K3; 529 Kt-K3, P-K3; 530 Kt-K3, P-K3; 531 Kt-K3, P-K3; 532 Kt-K3, P-K3; 533 Kt-K3, P-K3; 534 Kt-K3, P-K3; 535 Kt-K3, P-K3; 536 Kt-K3, P-K3; 537 Kt-K3, P-K3; 538 Kt-K3, P-K3; 539 Kt-K3, P-K3; 540 Kt-K3, P-K3; 541 Kt-K3, P-K3; 542 Kt-K3, P-K3; 543 Kt-K3, P-K3; 544 Kt-K3, P-K3; 545 Kt-K3, P-K3; 546 Kt-K3, P-K3; 547 Kt-K3, P-K3; 548 Kt-K3, P-K3; 549 Kt-K3, P-K3; 550 Kt-K3, P-K3; 551 Kt-K3, P-K3; 552 Kt-K3, P-K3; 553 Kt-K3, P-K3; 554 Kt-K3, P-K3; 555 Kt-K3, P-K3; 556 Kt-K3, P-K3; 557 Kt-K3, P-K3; 558 Kt-K3, P-K3; 559 Kt-K3, P-K3; 560 Kt-K3, P-K3; 561 Kt-K3, P-K3; 562 Kt-K3, P-K3; 563 Kt-K3, P-K3; 564 Kt-K3, P-K3; 565 Kt-K3, P-K3; 566 Kt-K3, P-K3; 567 Kt-K3, P-K3; 568 Kt-K3, P-K3; 569 Kt-K3, P-K3; 570 Kt-K3, P-K3; 571 Kt-K3, P-K3; 572 Kt-K3, P-K3; 573 Kt-K3, P-K3; 574 Kt-K3, P-K3; 575 Kt-K3, P-K3; 576 Kt-K3, P-K3; 577 Kt-K3, P-K3; 578 Kt-K3, P-K3; 579 Kt-K3, P-K3; 580 Kt-K3, P-K3; 581 Kt-K3, P-K3; 582 Kt-K3, P-K3; 583 Kt-K3, P-K3; 584 Kt-K3, P-K3; 585 Kt-K3, P-K3; 586 Kt-K3, P-K3; 587 Kt-K3, P-K3; 588 Kt-K3, P-K3; 589 Kt-K3, P-K3; 590 Kt-K3, P-K3; 591 Kt-K3, P-K3; 592 Kt-K3, P-K3; 593 Kt-K3, P-K3; 594 Kt-K3, P-K3; 595 Kt-K3, P-K3; 596 Kt-K3, P-K3; 597 Kt-K3, P-K3; 598 Kt-K3, P-K3; 599 Kt-K3, P-K3; 600 Kt-K3, P-K3; 601 Kt-K3, P-K3; 602 Kt-K3, P-K3; 603 Kt-K3, P-K3; 604 Kt-K3, P-K3; 605 Kt-K3, P-K3; 606 Kt-K3, P-K3; 607 Kt-K3, P-K3; 608 Kt-K3, P-K3; 609 Kt-K3, P-K3; 610 Kt-K3, P-K3; 611 Kt-K3, P-K3; 612 Kt-K3, P-K3; 613 Kt-K3, P-K3; 614 Kt-K3, P-K3; 615 Kt-K3, P-K3; 616 Kt-K3, P-K3; 617 Kt-K3, P-K3; 618 Kt-K3, P-K3



She Won't Hold Out Much Longer!

LOOKING up from the lifeboat, the "Titanic" seemed the biggest thing in the world. I saw many people hanging over the rail. I distinctly heard music, but I do not remember hearing "Nearer my God to Thee." As we drew away, everything was calm and still, with the reflection of the lights on the water, passengers leaning over the rails.....nothing to predict the horror of the next few minutes.

A great deal has been said about the screams in the water. I personally heard none, but many stories have been related about survivors in the water clinging to overcrowded lifeboats and having to be pushed away for fear of the lifeboats being overturned.

After striking out, one of our first thoughts was to look in the boat for a lantern, as we feared another lifeboat might collide with us. We had on board a mate and three young cabin stewards, a number of cabin-class women passengers, seven babies who were separated from their parents, the Turkish bath stewardess, my own room stewardess, and six first-class passengers. I remember that some of them were later very seasick, and the babies were continually screaming and crying. We were lucky to have some men in our boat, as a number had only women, who rowed all night.

Some of the earlier lifeboats had left with few passengers, so reluctant were they to leave the ship; but ours was decidedly overcrowded with 68 passengers. It was scarcely possible to change places for fear of capsizing the boat, and the men could not use the oars properly because of being pressed in on all sides.

All of the seats having been taken some time before I entered the boat, I spent the night sitting on the upright edge of a kind of cot between two rows of men. All the time they rowed I had to lean alternately forward and backward, so as not to impede them, but with every stroke, I was nervous enough by an ear, either on my chest or on my back. It was this constant thumping which later caused me to develop neuritis—fulfilling the prophecy of Madame de Tien, for I did indeed lose my sleeping voice for all time, and even my speaking voice was seriously affected for two years. (Fortunately I had just been an amateur singer, although with aspirations.)

Despite the many stars in the sky, it was the blindest night I have ever seen. The mate, who was in some sort of command, had found a piece of rope. He would light it and let it float for a few minutes, swinging it around as a signal, and then extinguishing it. The idea was that by flourishing this light he could warn other lifeboats in the vicinity and so prevent our being rammed.

The search for a lantern continued for a long time, but we could not find one; nor could we find a compass or food or drinking water, and there were insufficient oars. These things may have seemed rather unimportant for a lifeboat carried by an unsinkable ship.

I now looked towards the starboard light of the "Titanic," shining brightly green. I noticed that this light seemed to be getting lower, nearer to the water. We had left the liner at about 1.45 a.m. At 2.00 a.m. I looked at my wrist-watch. One of the stewards rowing made the remark: "She won't hold out much longer."

I did not realize even then what he meant, but I heard him say to the other steward: "Let's lean into it and get away or else we may still suck us under."

Gradually the green starboard light dropped closer to the water. At about two o'clock, green rockets were fired from the upper deck of the ship, but very faint call for help. At 2.20 I saw the starboard light disappear into the water. The stern of the ship, fully lighted, stood up to the sky—suggesting a skyscraper by night, so high and straight did it rise into the air. Then it seemed to shoot down into the water, every light blazing. There was a heavy explosion beneath the water, then a second and a third. Contrary to what the men in our boat had feared, these explosions actually thrust us further away, as from an invisible hand. Just before the ship went down, there came a huge roar

from her, as though from one throat. The men in our boat looked up all to cheer, saying that what we heard were shouts of joy indicating that all aboard had cleared the ship and were saved. And everyone in our boat did actually cheer three times. This, of course, was merely a device to distract us from the awful sound as the ship went down, and it did at least serve that purpose. Somehow or other we were still quite incapable of realizing the full extent of the tragedy in which we were participants.

The only sense of danger was that the cabin boy, searching for the lantern, crawled over our feet in the overcrowded boat, lighting matches and throwing them half-burned into the bottom of the boat amongst the few blankets. We begged him not to do this as we feared fire. He said he did not fear fire, but he was terrified most of all. I also heard the voices of the women and children, it would be dangerous, but this request was ignored.

The sea was absolutely calm and there were stars out, but the night was so black that we could see the silent lifeboats around us only when our boat came close upon them, and it was bitterly cold. Against this background of cold "tranquillity" a number of women in the boat had become half hysterical with apprehension over absent husbands and children. The babies fretted and cried all night, and I played "La Marseillaise" to calm them, twirling the pig's tail around and around to produce the music. Next day the pig could hardly play, so many times had he been called upon.

All the time we were in the boat we noticed a distant light which seemed to come from another ship. I found out afterwards it was the "Californian," which had come to our rescue, might conceivably have saved all of us. The official enquiry disclosed that their wireless operator had not received our signal, having gone to bed, for this was before the days of round-the-clock radio watches. It also developed later that the "Californian" had tried to signal the "Titanic" by light, to see if we were in trouble, but getting no answer from our stricken ship, assumed that we were all right. Not wishing to risk going further through the icefields at night, the "Californian" just stopped where she was. But how she could have sat there and watched our distress rockets without doing anything, will remain a mystery.

Finally that intense cold which preceded dawn, settled on the water. Only those who have stood a night watch of any kind can realize the peculiarly penetrating chilliness of the half-hour that divides night from morning, in searching for extra clothing for one of the stewards.

We suddenly came upon a passenger in the bottom of the boat whom we had not noticed before, although he had been lying precisely at my feet. By now there was enough light to recognize him as a stoker. The poor fellow was dead. I suppose he may have jumped head first into the boat, knocked himself unconscious, and had frozen to death without being noticed. Presently I saw another light on the horizon, and told the young man rowing next to me about it. He was too depressed to believe me.

"Madame, don't get imaginative. There is no light, and there will not be any light. It's no use looking for good things when none are coming." Another seaman echoed this pessimism. "This is my third shipwreck," he said. "If I get out of this one, I'm going back home to be a milkman."

But before long, we all saw the white light, and then a red one beneath it, which signified the arrival of the "Carpathia." As the sun rose, beautiful and clear, we rowed as best we could toward the rescue ship, amid the peaks which made me think of the mountains rising out of the Italian lakes. Brilliantly lighted, she seemed so big that we thought she might be the "Olympic," and we feared her suction.

As we drew closer to the rescue ship, we noticed other lifeboats also making for her. At

about 8 a.m. my lifeboat, number 11, drew alongside the "Carpathia." Up to that time the sea had remained absolutely calm, but now a great many whitecaps appeared. We were tossed and rolling. Having left the "Titanic" at about 1.45 a.m. this made about 6½ hours that I had spent in the lifeboat, but it seemed only an hour.

The first person to leave our boat was a baby boy, who was hoisted up in a canvas sack and the other babies were hoisted aboard in the same way. One little baby struggled madly and did not want to leave at all.

After this, a "Bostwick's chair," very much like an old-fashioned lawn chair, was lowered to the grown-ups. The women were told to sit on the little wooden seat, close their eyes, and hold on tightly to the ropes. They were hoisted with great speed up and into the "Carpathia." Welcoming hands were stretched out to receive us.

Aboard the "Carpathia" survivors stood waiting for other lifeboats to come alongside. By 9 a.m., sixteen boat-loads had been picked up, and the captain, convinced that there were no more, gave orders to get underway. The agony of those survivors awaiting the possible arrival of loved ones, was indescribable. The "Californian" was on the scene and was to remain with survivors, but there were still more survivors to be picked up. We were all under the impression that the "Californian" had on board most of our fellow passengers, and few of us anticipated the full extent of the tragedy.

There was nothing on the surface of the water to indicate the horror of the night before except a slight brownish discoloration about the bow and a few floating about. Banks of ice extended as far as the eye could see. It was brilliantly sunny but still intensely cold. After there was underway for about three-quarters of an hour, the ship slowed down and the bodies of six sailors who had been taken on board, but who had died of exposure, were buried in the sea. A priest aboard delivered a prayer.

Soon after our arrival on the "Carpathia," most of us sought out the Wireless Operator, Mr. Collins, and tried to send messages to our families and friends. We learned from him that he had intercepted the call for help from the "Titanic" and his distressing account of Captain Rostron who brought the ship to our rescue. Mr. Collins was in the habit of staying up to listen

to the late news, and were it not for this, he would not have picked up the S.O.S. from the "Titanic."

At about 11 o'clock on Monday evening, our first night aboard the "Carpathia," there were three blinding flashes of lightning, followed by thunder-claps of such deafening intensity that a number of us from the "Titanic" dashed out on deck. We were still very much on our nerves, and I suppose we felt that perhaps we had escaped one disaster only to run into a greater one. Instead of which, the "Carpathia" simply ran into a dense fog, and the monotonous wailing of her fog signals did not cease from then on until we were alongside the pier in New York on Thursday night, April 10, after 10 p.m.

It is no exaggeration to say that with 711 of us added to her own capacity of crew and passengers, this ship was fully loaded. "Carpathia" passengers unselfishly gave up their bunks for the most serious cases among the survivors, but most of us willingly bedded down as best we could on crowding room sofas and even, as in my own case, on dining room tables.

Meanwhile, many of the survivors, buoyed up by false hopes about the safety of their friends and relatives, showed energy and activity. Meetings were held and resolutions passed. A number of these have since borne fruit, such as those concerning the furnishing of lifeboats and the creation of ice patrols to warn ships of icebergs.

Many anecdotes were told by survivors. A Mr. Speddon, disturbed by the "New York" incident as the "Titanic" was leaving Southampton, had inside his own inspection of safety devices on board and had observed that there were only 10 lifeboats and 4 collapsible boats, enough for about one-third of the ship's total carrying capacity. He had said to his family: "If anything goes wrong, let us all five stick together." They did, and were saved together.

A Monsieur Rhéims, an importer from Paris, told how before jumping from the ship, he had embraced and said good-bye to his brother-in-law, knowing that the latter could not swim and fearing that they would never see each other again, which they never did. Monsieur Rhéims, together with a number of others, had later managed to climb aboard an overturned collapsible boat. There they maintained a precarious balance

Most of the passengers seemed to have felt that the order for the women and children to leave the ship was merely a matter of rules and regulations, and that we would later be brought back on board, or that somehow we would all "have breakfast together" in Halifax. I don't know how many times I heard this idea expressed. It simply was inconceivable that this magnificent ship could sink as easily as anything so old-fashioned as a disaster on that we should suffer anything greater than a temporary inconvenience which would be set right with the return of daylight and daylight. Similarly, the first newspaper reports in New York said "Titanic Being Towed to Halifax."

Speaking of being towed to Halifax, while I was playing the music to calm the children, I was constantly sending out a telepathic message to my father—to insure my luggage. This was not through any unnecessary interest on my part, but I was very much concerned because the clothes I was bringing back from Paris belonged mostly to clients in the States, and I was motivated by my obligation to them.

Shamefully enough, at that same time my father was cutting the pages of a magazine at our home in Long Island. He was reading in bed and was cutting the pages with a knife given to him by Captain Smith on the "Olympic," the previous year. The blade flew off and he turned to my mother and said: "It's queer, but I am getting odd messages from Edith, telling me to insure her luggage. She seems to be in trouble." My mother answered: "Don't be silly. She's all right." But my father could not sleep. He waited until he heard the newspaper being thrown on to our porch, as they do in country places, and when he saw the headline, "TITANIC BEING TOWED TO HALIFAX," he burst up to my mother, who said: "Oh, well, she'll get to me

another place. Edith loves to travel."

However, my father took an early train into New York, went to his insurance broker and took out a large policy to cover me. The broker quoted a very low rate and told him to return at noon to pick up the policy. When my father went back, the premium was 50% and the broker was not at all keen to complete the insurance.

Then came rumours of disaster. My father was an agnostic, but he told me later that on leaving his broker's office, he went into every church he could find of every denomination, and prayed fervently that I should be saved. From that time on he had an abiding faith.

Among them there had been a young woman, thought to have been a Miss Evans from Boston, who had given up her place in a lifeboat to a mother and child. She stood upright, as was necessary, as long as she could. Finally she said to Mr. Rhéims: "I cannot stand any longer. I just must sit down." He told her: "We have to stand to balance the boat or we will drown." She stood a little longer, her body bent closer and closer to the water, until finally she was submerged. She lay dead at his feet, for some time, then a wave carried her body out of the boat to the open sea. There was nothing they could do to recover her without upsetting the boat.

When M. Rhéims was brought aboard the "Carpathia," he could think only of this courageous and unfortunate young woman, although his own suffering had been considerable and his legs were frozen.

A Pig And A Promise Saved Me From The Titanic

By Edith L. Russell

another place. Edith loves to travel."

However, my father took an early train into New York, went to his insurance broker and took out a large policy to cover me. The broker quoted a very low rate and told him to return at noon to pick up the policy. When my father went back, the premium was 50% and the broker was not at all keen to complete the insurance.

Then came rumours of disaster. My father was an agnostic, but he told me later that on leaving his broker's office, he went into every church he could find of every denomination, and prayed fervently that I should be saved. From that time on he had an abiding faith.

Among them there had been a young woman, thought to have been a Miss Evans from Boston, who had given up her place in a lifeboat to a mother and child. She stood upright, as was necessary, as long as she could. Finally she said to Mr. Rhéims: "I cannot stand any longer. I just must sit down." He told her: "We have to stand to balance the boat or we will drown." She stood a little longer, her body bent closer and closer to the water, until finally she was submerged. She lay dead at his feet, for some time, then a wave carried her body out of the boat to the open sea. There was nothing they could do to recover her without upsetting the boat.

When M. Rhéims was brought aboard the "Carpathia," he could think only of this courageous and unfortunate young woman, although his own suffering had been considerable and his legs were frozen.

After all these years, the memory of the grief of so many bring tears to my eyes. The stories told on the "Carpathia" showed how little the full drama had been realized. One lady who had broken her arm a few hours before the tragedy, had her jewel box with her as she was about to get into a lifeboat. She turned to her husband and gave him the box, saying: "It's too risky for me to carry this with my broken arm. You keep it and bring it to me tomorrow at breakfast." We had all been told by the officers that we would all meet in the morning at breakfast.

Another lady who had given her jewels to her maid about to leave in a lifeboat said: "No, they are far safer with me on the ship." Senior Clark's son was with his wife on their wedding trip. Mrs. Clark asked him to go back to their stateroom to get her pearl necklace that had been given to her as a wedding present. She never saw her husband again.

Most of the passengers seemed to have felt that the order for the women and children to leave the ship was merely a matter of rules and regulations, and that we would later be brought back on board, or that somehow we would all "have breakfast together" in Halifax. I don't know how many times I heard this idea expressed. It simply was inconceivable that this magnificent ship could sink as easily as anything so old-fashioned as a disaster on that we should suffer anything greater than a temporary inconvenience which would be set right with the return of daylight and daylight. Similarly, the first newspaper reports in New York said "Titanic Being Towed to Halifax."

The rapidity and unexpectedness of the end of the "Titanic" may account for the absence of panic. The ship was so long, too, that it was not very apparent to us how back where the last lifeboats were being loaded, that the bow had already sunk far into the water. Moreover, the Captain, officers and crew were magnanimous. The eventuality of the full extent of the disaster, and they willingly sacrificed their lives to enable a few of us to survive and to keep those who remained on board in a calm frame of mind. Incidentally, this was to have been Captain Smith's last voyage before retirement.

I have always felt that the reason for the disaster was not so much a failure in navigation as over-confidence in the unsinkability of the ship. It had affected everyone; passengers had not even been assigned lifeboat stations and no drill had been held.

I have often been asked: "Who paid for your lost merchandise?" A local lawyer offered an insurance policy to replace my loss. The insurance company paid only a small percentage of my personal property losses.

Speaking of debts, before my mother died, she said: "Edith, you must remember to pay your debts." To which I answered: "Why mother, you know it took three years of my life to pay my debts after the 'Titanic.' I always pay my debts. I don't mean that," she said, "but you have been in so many extraordinary accidents and have always been spared, you owe a great debt and each day of your life you should do a kindness to a person or an animal, to show your gratitude." I have tried for years to follow this advice.

During the rest of the voyage in the "Carpathia" the discomfort of overcrowding was more than balanced by the wonderful kindness of everyone on board. It was soon over anyway, and on Thursday as we went up New York harbor in the heavy fog, the "Carpathia" was suddenly surrounded by boatloads of newspaper men and photographers. These now arrivals yelled at us from their boats through megaphones, offering to pay high prices to any survivors who could produce written accounts or photographs of the disaster, urging us to throw them overboard in bottles. Captain Rostron, ever solicitous of our welfare and feelings, became angry with them; in fact I heard him shout through a megaphone that he would shoot any one of them who tried to come aboard! (Fortunately he did not have to make good this threat.)

While the "Carpathia" was still quite far downstream in New York harbor, some evening newspapers were brought on board from a tug. I was startled to read my name among the missing, fearing that this would give my parents.

As we steamed slowly upstream we began to see through the fog the brilliantly lighted buildings. I believe it was the slow tolling of bells we thus approached the land. This confirmed us that the sinking of the "Titanic" had indeed been a terrible disaster.

Up to that time, we had not given up hope that the "Californian" or some other vessel, might have picked up many of those who had remained aboard the sinking ship.

Once alongside the White Star pier, we were told upon leaving the ship to go immediately to the partitions where the initials of our surnames were displayed. I went straight to "R" and looked around.

I shall never forget that pier. There were thousands of people there, and a great many of them were looking at us. There was no one waiting for me. Did my family really think I was dead? I waited some 10 minutes by the letter "R" and, then, not being able to stand the suspense any longer, ran back towards the gangway. There I found my family! There had been conflicting reports. In some papers I had been reported as missing and in others as dead. My family missed me as I came down the gangway, as they did not recognize me. I had always been such a fashion plate, and in my long hair and a wool cap, I was almost disguised.

The quiet of the scene was broken by cries and sobs. Many nurses and doctors were in attendance. Apparently it had been expected that a number of survivors would have to be carried off the "Carpathia" on stretchers, but nearly all of those who had been saved were able to walk down the gangway. It is difficult to describe the great intensity of that spectacle; the huge but quiet pier, the crying and sobbing among those who had come to meet the ones they loved, the hope that they would be continued or broken, and all the time the bells kept tolling, and outside there was a cold drizzle of rain. Under these circumstances the appearance of flames from photographers' lamps as we went into the street seemed a cruelly inappropriate thing.

I had no luggage—only my little pig mascot, which I held tightly under my arm as I walked up the street with my family. This pig is still with me today. The tragedy of the "Titanic" has remained with me, as it will to my last day. Had it not been for my mother, to my mother's rescue, I would have been the next-to-last passenger in the last lifeboat of the "Titanic."

FOOTNOTES: Mr. C. Various figures of the number of passengers and crew who sailed on the "Titanic" and of numbers lost and saved have been given from time to time. I indicate the following, supplied to me by the Cunard Line: Passengers 2,201 Crew 885 Total 3,086 Passengers saved 711 Crew saved 202 Total survivors 913 Passengers lost 1,490 Crew lost 683 Total loss of life 2,177

THE END



MR. WILLIAM MACQUITY, producer of the Pinewood production "A NIGHT TO REMEMBER," with Miss Edith Russell, who, as the pig mascot, was carried everywhere with her ship. She was involved in a motor accident, and which she managed to survive when she left the "Titanic."

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

NO FEARFUL CRIES... NO BATTLE-AXE OF A NURSE TO BLAST THE EARLY MORNING PEACE

IT'S THE LIFE FOR ME

Veronica Papworth reports on 3 weeks of bliss

EVER since I was old enough to open my mouth and say "Ah-h-h" the medical world has been after my tonsils.

Well they have them now — and the best of luck to them.

Me? I've swapped them for something I've wanted for years and never until now achieved — three weeks of blissful, idle, self-indulgent nothingness.

For me, a visit to the hospital has always had an end product.

Never before have I left without a scarlet-faced cocoon in a shawl and my fingers crossed: "Oh Lord, let all be peace until feeding time."

Tonsils are undeniably different. No fearful cries awake one at dawn.

No battle-axe of a sister (scarlet-faced scrap under one arm) blasts the peace of the early morning with glad cries of "Come on mother — somebody else wants his early morning cuppa."

The most a tonsillectomy has to cope with is a gentle inquiry — "Do you take sugar?"

GAY, GIGGLY

From the first snip I knew that all would be well.

Yes "snip" — I test my tonsils under a local anesthetic.

One shot in the thigh and I felt as if I'd landed in the midst of a champagne party — gay, giggly, and terribly keen to concentrate, if only it hadn't been quite so much trouble.

My long white operating robe were killing me and I knew all that was going on but I couldn't be bothered to worry.

That was the start of a wonderful week. Always before I've found myself caught up in the mad whirl of hospital routine.

Always I've marvelled that I was strong enough to stand it.

The angels who have ministered to me have been hell-bent on doing their duty — waking me up to ask me if I need a sleeping pill; cross-questioning me about my in-laws and nothing down the answers with such furious care that I have had no doubt they will be used in evidence against me.

Not so this time. Like a landed fish I had been caught, dealt with and left to lie.

Daytimes there were books, letters, visitors, and cat-naps in between.

But with supper at six and breakfast at eight there were 24 long night hours to fill.

With an empty stomach and a busy mind I spent them

writing stories in my head; rearranging the furniture; hanging out of the window counting the stars; contemplating death, taking a tip down the corridor to read the cards on other people's flowers ("Get well soon, dear Ada"); fixing a string to the bed-table to bring it nearer with less effort; vanishing my toe-nails, considering emigration; watching the mysterious shadows in the operating theatre opposite; looking for the first streaks of dawn coming up; and listening for the first clatter of the teacups.

So I returned home to the delights of early morning waking. By this time I had grown used to it.

For two wonderful weeks I roamed a silent house—stepping out into the misty, pigeon-coloured mornings, marvelling at the huge dew-spattered spider webs garlanding the golden rod, half taming the moorhens on the pond, drinking tea in a silent kitchen and hugging myself because for once I'd time to count my blessings.

Why can't I always wake at five-thirty? I wondered.

Ladies, Did You Know That...

1,422,100 TONS of canned food was eaten in Britain last year.

★ Fish, meat, and vegetables keep perfectly fresh in an opened can.

★ BUT fruit juice may go cloudy.

★ The first canning factory in the world was opened in Bermuda in 1812.

★ WE'RE in the middle of a spaghetti-eating boom. Sales of canned spaghetti have gone up 50 per cent in the last four years. New this month are tinned spaghetti bolognese (in minced beef, tomato, mushroom, and tomato, cheese sauce) and spaghetti milanese (in tomato, onion, and bacon sauce).

★ Dented cans are safe to use but bulging cans should be thrown away....

★ CANNED asparagus should always be heated in the can to prevent the tips breaking up.

★ Canned vegetables should be heated in their own juice, never rinsed.

★ NAPOLEON offered 12,000 francs reward to the first Frenchman to perfect a canning process.

★ You can keep canned fruit and milk safely for one year; canned vegetables for two years; canned meat (except ham) for five years.

★ Englishwomen were buying tinned tomatoes in 1831. They can buy tinned chocolate covered ants and fried grasshoppers in 1958.

Anne Glidewell



PICTURE BY ROY ROUND

ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU PURR

They call them Cat Suits — snug fitting, in brilliant colours they are tipped as next winter's warmest, fashion. Wear them at home for all informal entertaining. Wear them with a bright skirt for all outdoor sports. Could anything be cooler?

The one-piece suit in wool jersey (left) costs 39s. 6d.

The ballerina tights—fitting like a second skin from the waist to the tips of the toes—are only 39s. 6d.

Such a splendid way to stop smoking

thirds of an old trout rod he "fished" off my bedroom balcony on to the stone-flagged path below.

With brief retreats for refreshments he stayed there all one morning.

The next day he took up his position again—patiently fishing.

I could bear it no longer.

Discouraged, I nipped downstairs, opened the refrigerator, and, very gently, I hooked a smoked haddock on his line.

I was back in time to see his face—doubtful at first, then radiant—he reeled it in, and "Look—a fresh garden kipper!"

Very carefully he dismantled his battered old rod.

That kind of thing can't happen twice, and he knew it. "It's glorious being home," I said to my older son—"If I stay here much longer I won't want to go back to work."

"I think you'd better," said he thoughtfully—"It's been super having you, but, well, you have been a bit to a tie."

I hope I can take a hint.

So I'm back—4th, lighter because swallowing has been a bit difficult; no longer smoking, because I just don't want to.

I've only one regret.

I wish I'd had one tonsil out and kept the other up my sleeve, to speak.

I can never have these three lazy weeks again—and oh, how I've revelled in them.

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

BORN today, you are the perennial optimist. You are always looking on the bright side of things. Everything may be dreadful today, but tomorrow something will happen to make things all right again. This doesn't mean that you always accept things as they are. You are a severe critic of the status quo, and have no qualms about commenting on things you don't like. But in making your criticism, you usually have a good suggestion on how to correct the error. If no one sees it to follow through with your suggestion, the chances are you will get into action and do the job yourself.

Your emotions are near the surface and you have a high temper which you must never permit to run out of control. Something you say or do in anger can destroy, in an instant, something for which you have been working for many years. For one who is so quick to criticise others, you are especially susceptible to criticism when levelled against your own self. Learn to "take it" as well as handing it out!

You women are especially attractive to members of the opposite sex and will have countless admirers. Don't accept the first offer of marriage, for you might discover it was a temporary infatuation instead of the real thing. Take your time about deciding, for with you, it is "forever."

Among those born on this date were: Thomas Nast, political cartoonist and illustrator; Margaret Sangster, author and poet; Samuel Adams, leader in the American Revolution; and George Wharton James, explorer and author.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—A quick turnover in business is now favoured and you should get excellent results if you persevere.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—If dealing with those in the armed forces, your negotiations should be highly satisfactory.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If you are fearful about actions of an unfriendly person, get personal protection; be wise.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Star out on a journey that ends for speed. Get there the quickest way. That method is favoured now.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—You may find it difficult to adjust a misunderstanding today, so try not to get into one.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—There may be delays on long-term planning but don't become discouraged. Be persevering and of good cheer.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Now, if you need to secure additional help at the office, consider whom you want but do your hiring tomorrow.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Take time to think things out clearly. You may become restless making future plans. Much better to be patient.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You may not find it easy today to make an apology for a recent burst of temper, but you can always try.

CANCER (June 22-July 22)—You could do some of that home repair today. It's a good time for handling all kinds of tools.

LEO (July 23-Aug. 22)—A day for holding your temper and staying calm, no matter how irritatingly slow things seem to be.

VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)—A fine day for mulling over new ideas and, if you can, getting them started. Be enterprising.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

BORN today, the stars have given you exceptional talents in the realm of the creative arts. It will depend upon you whether you develop your literary, musical or dramatic talent. The final outcome of your career will probably utilise all three areas of expression, but you would be wise to concentrate on one of them for the best possible fame and success.

You have a sympathetic and sensitive nature. Your personality attracts people to you and your sympathy and understanding holds them as friends throughout your lifetime. Your intuitions are sharp and there are times when you appear to be almost psychic in being able to pre-empt the future. If you learn to utilise this special gift wisely, you can benefit considerably. There is a wide difference between obeying wild impulse and heeding the still, small voice of intuition. The former can catapult you into trouble the latter, help keep you out!

You will probably learn that experience is the best teacher, for your life probably will not be an easy one. Yet through each setback you will learn something that will put you on the road to a bigger and better success. You will do your best work when you are your own boss. You are not happy when under the restraints of direction by another. You must have a free hand to work as you see fit, if you are to reach the heights to which you aspire.

Among those born on this date were: Frances E. Willard, educator and temperance reformer; Henry Mitchell McClellan, educator; Kate Douglas Wiggin, author; and Elmer Rice, dramatist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—If planning to buy a precious stone for your best beloved, you should find a good bargain today.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Get going on that new project. Don't let grass grow under your feet. A prompt beginning is now indicated.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Be exceptionally cautious in money matters. Don't get so involved that you don't know what you're doing.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Be not so quick to get into a quarrel, today, until you have tried everything else.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If you have money owing to you, this is the day you should make serious effort to collect.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Green lights for you on almost anything you wish to begin. Undertake excellent success in any project.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Begin winding up the month's affairs, so that you will have your books balanced by month's ending.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—A fine day for anything requiring quick action. You can make a speedy profit if you work fast.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Don't become impatient if things don't develop now as you had hoped earlier. This can turn out to be a day for increased benefits.

CANCER (June 22-July 22)—Take the initiative in inaugurating new procedures and you should be eminently successful now.

LEO (July 23-Aug. 22)—If you were hasty and spoke out of turn, you may find it difficult to mend your fences. But try!

MAGICALLY NEW!



For table linens, cottons... your personal wash!

EXTRA WEAR, EASIER IRONING WITH LINIT STARCH

Linit's pure starch crystals when mixed with hot water penetrate fabrics evenly—restore that "like-new" look. Now your cottons actually feel crisper, look fresher... thanks to the exclusive penetrating action of Linit Starch. Even your most delicate fabrics iron easier, faster—with no white streaks or dulled colors.



Cottons look lovelier longer!

CORN PRODUCTS CO. (CHINA) LTD.

Lasso



The New Perfume

by

Jean Patou

HER SECRET ARM.....

Now on sale at all Dispensaries, Perfume Counters and Department Stores.

Sole Agents: K. Caudron & Co. French Bank Bldg., 8rd Floor—Phone 27689



ABOVE: The new Jockey Club Government School in Wood Road was opened by Lady Black on Thursday. She is soon being introduced to the Headmaster of the A.M. school, Mr K. C. Chan by the Hon. R. J. S. Crozier, Director of Education. In background is Mr J. E. Marsh, the architect, and Mr D. Benson, Chairman of the Stewards of the Jockey Club.



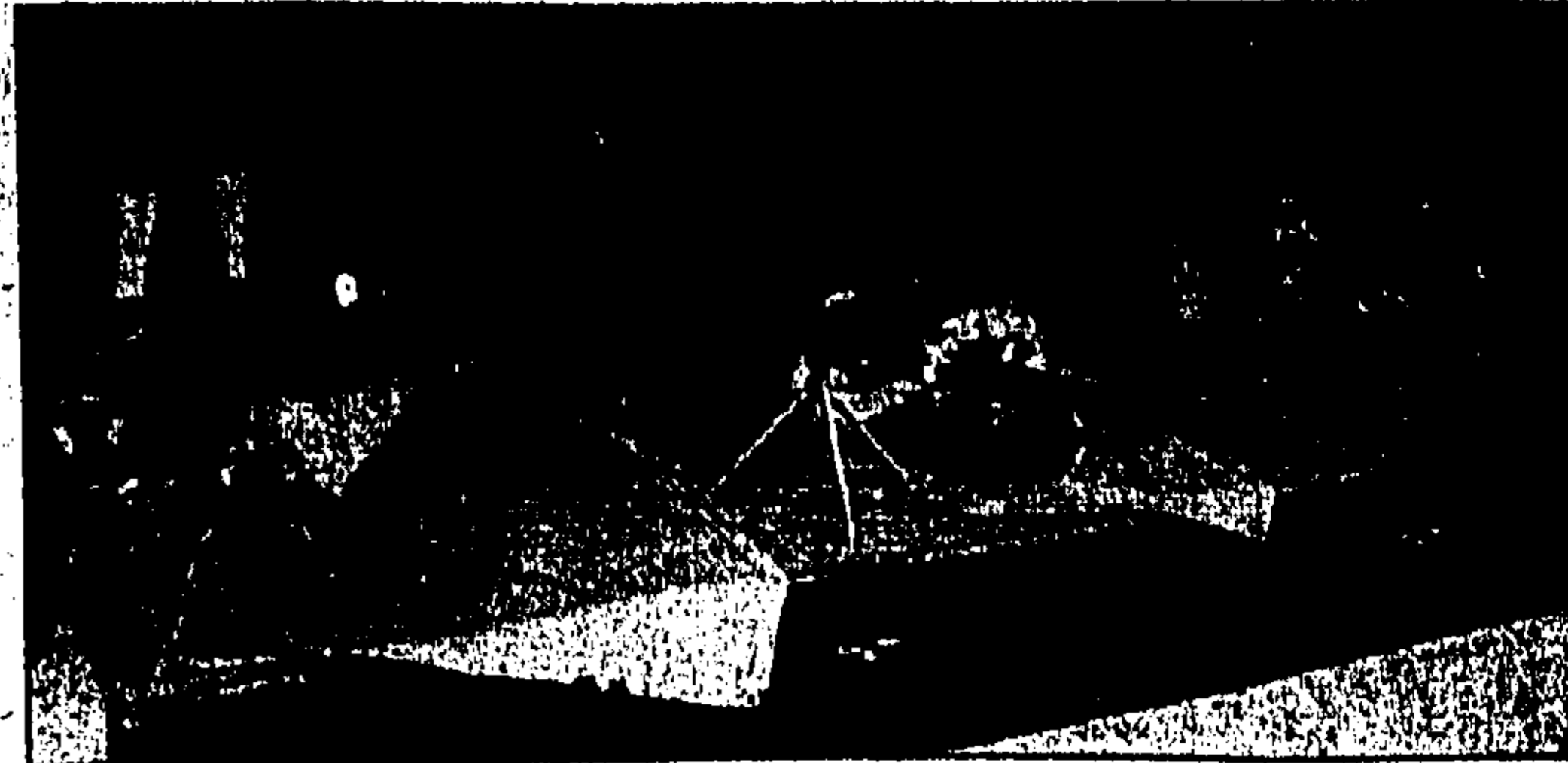
LEFT: The Life Guard Club gave a dinner in honour of their President, Mr Fung Ping-fan, at the Golden Restaurant on Monday. Mr Fung is seen making a speech. Flanking him are Mr C. G. M. Morrison (left) and Mr N. C. Chan.



ABOVE: A descendant of Confucius (77th generation), Mr Kung Tak-ching, who passed through Hongkong this week, is greeted by friends at Kai Tak Airport. Mr Kung was on his way to Vietnam to give a series of talks on the philosophy of his famous ancestor.



ABOVE: Beautiful Sandra Chun, Hawaii's Narcissus Queen of 1958, arrived on Wednesday for a 10-day visit to enjoy part of the free trip she was awarded with the title. She is seen with Mr T. M. Taylor of PAA (left), and Mr Given K. W. Tang, of the United Chinese Society of Hawaii who was also on the plane.



ABOVE: The Inter-Services Ladies' Shooting championship, held last Saturday at the Hongkong Royal Defence Force Headquarters, was won by the Hongkong Women's Police team. Seen at the range are (l-r) Cpl M. Chen, Pte H. Lai and Pte K. Poon.

RIGHT: The Hon. J. C. McDouall, Secretary for Chinese Affairs, laying the foundation stone for the new nursery of the Women's Welfare Club, West, this week.



BELOW LEFT: Mr and Mrs R. E. Laureiro shortly after their wedding at Rosary Church recently. The bride is the former Miss Therese Ribeiro.



BELOW: Mr and Mrs George Kam after their wedding at St Margaret's Church last Saturday. The bride is the former Miss Chung Chi-yung.

ABOVE: The Bishop of the Philippines, Rt. Rev. Lyman C. Ogilby, administered the rite of confirmation to Service people in Victoria Garrison Church last Sunday. He is seen (fifth from left) with Service Chaplains and Church Wardens of the Church.

AMERLOYD SERVICE

provides
LAND • SEA • AIR
PASSENGER RESERVATIONS

•
ASSISTANCE WITH
DOCUMENTATION

•
TOURS AND HOTEL BOOKINGS
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

•
BAGGAGE TRANSFERS
FORWARDING & INSURANCE

•
TRAVELLERS CHEQUES

AMERICAN LLOYD TRAVEL SERVICE LTD.
303 Central Building. Tel. 31175

TOURS DEPT.
Astor Hotel Lobby, Kowloon.

"Extra Service At No Extra Charge"



PHILCO

...world's finest
products for the home!

Look ahead...
and

you'll
choose

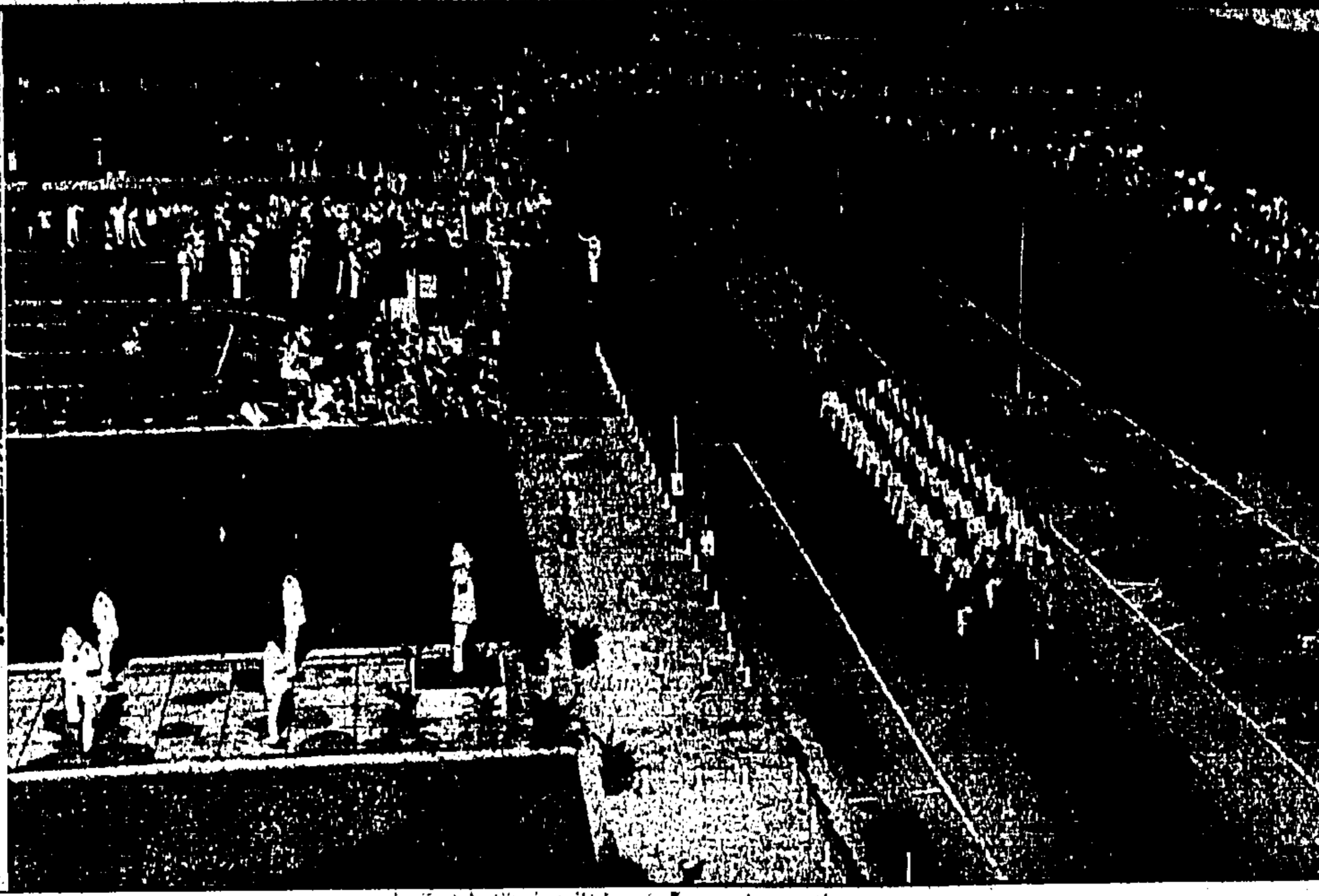
PHILCO



CALL IN FOR DEMONSTRATION
OR PHONE 34181

GILMANS

SHOWROOM: GLOUCESTER ARCADE



★ ★ ★
The Battle of Britain was remembered in Hongkong last Sunday with church services, a parade and other functions. More than 300 members of the Royal Air Force and the Hongkong Auxiliary Air Force took part in the parade at which H.E. the Governor took the salute (above). Lady Black (above right) attended a cocktail party at the Hongkong Jockey Club on Friday, and is seen chatting with Commodore P. D. Holder and Mrs H. A. S. Disney. The picture on the left shows some RAF personnel filing into St John's Cathedral on Sunday for the commemoration service.



★
ABOVE: Policemen, helmeted and fully armed, move forward to quell trouble in a simulated incident on Tuesday when they carried out a full-scale general internal security exercise in conjunction with the military. On the left are seen soldiers on guard at a transport depot in Hongkong.



★
RIGHT: A party of Navy and Army personnel visited three centres of the Society for the Protection of Children last Friday. Pictured are Commander J. N. Humphreys, Mrs G. D. A. Gregory (Chairman of the Women's Auxiliary of the Society) and Mrs Violet Chan (back to camera).

★
ABOVE: Mrs D. R. Holmes cuts the ribbon to open the new pier at Tap Mun Island, New Territories, on Wednesday. A new school was also opened there on the same day.

★
RIGHT: Beautiful Li Mei, Mandarin film star, receives her air ticket from Mr T. M. Taylor of PAA. She will be a guest model from Hongkong for an American fashion show which will tour the world. She left for the U.S. yesterday.

★
BELOW: Mrs I. Chopra (centre), wife of Major-General M. S. Chopra, Indian Ambassador to the Philippines, left for Calcutta this week after a stay in Hongkong. Pictured (l-r) are Maj.-Gen. Chopra, Mrs R. N. Kaul, Mrs Chopra, Master Chopra, and Mr R. N. Kaul, District manager of Air India International.



WATCH WESTINGHOUSE

where **BIG** things are happening for **YOU**

YOU CAN BE **SURE**... IF IT'S

Westinghouse

Westinghouse now gives you
"WEATHER - PERFECT LIVING"
with the 1958 all NEW

AIR CONDITIONERS

3/4 HP, 1 HP, 1 1/4 HP AND 2-HP MODELS

DAVIE, BORG & CO. LTD.
ALEXANDRA HOUSE
TEL: 31299



Here's where to

**DINE
WINE
DANCE**

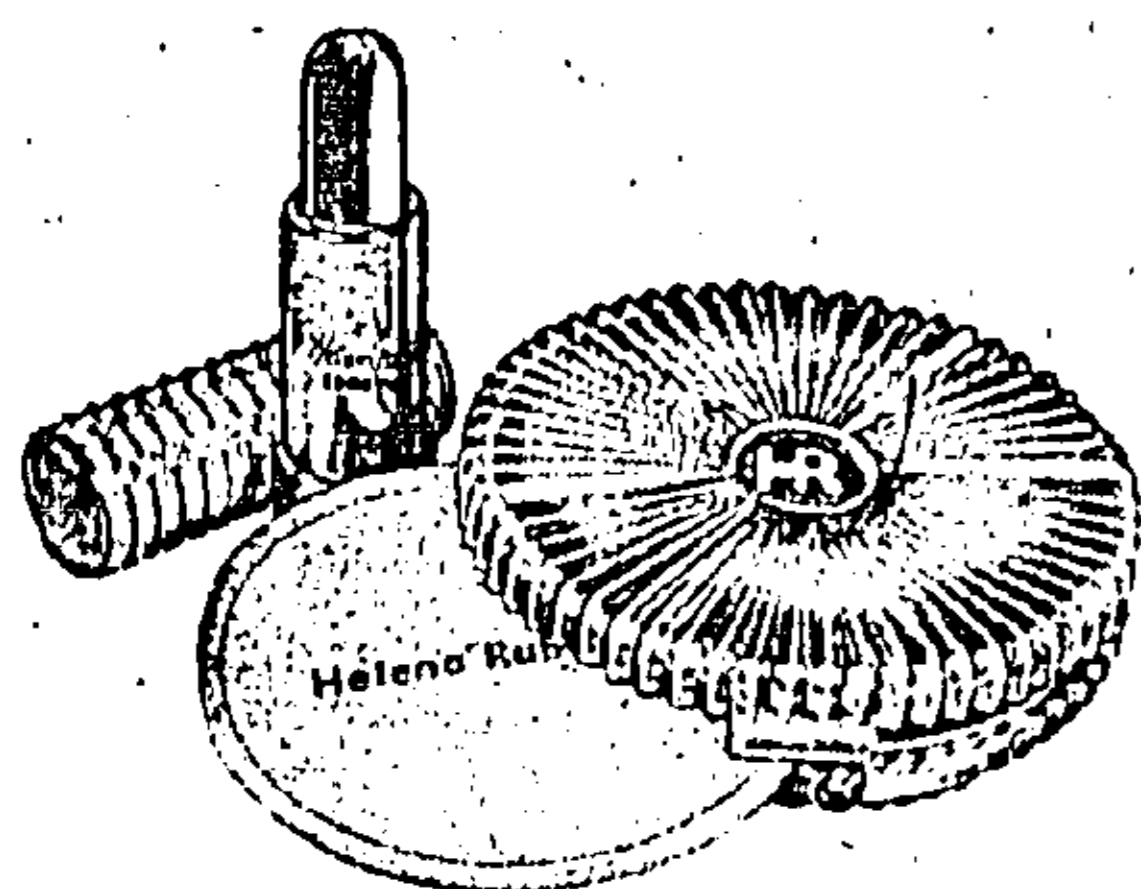
and be merry

THE GOLDEN PHOENIX

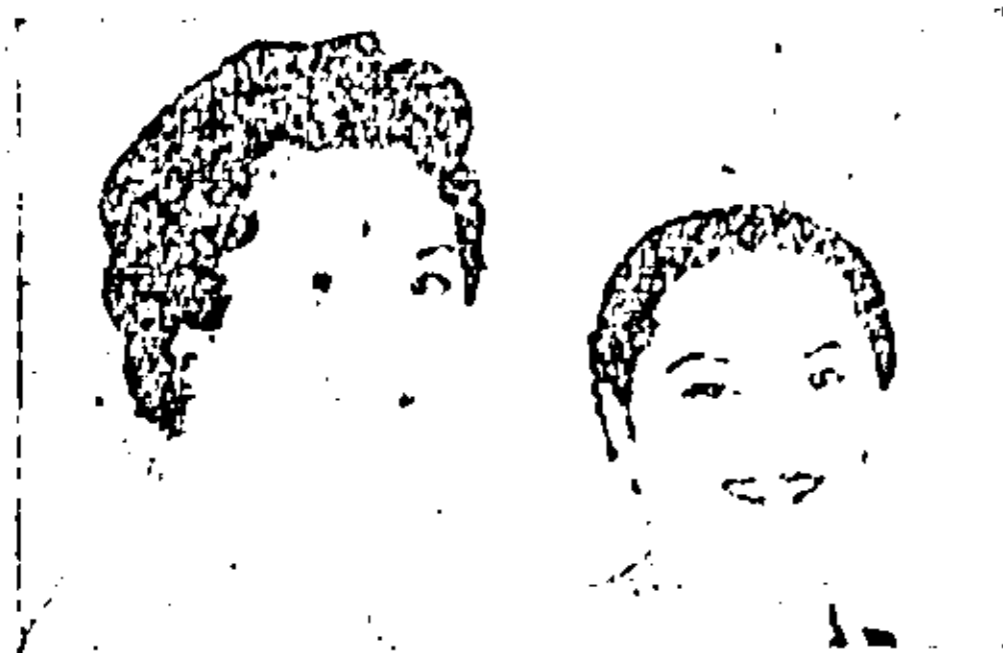
1st Floor
MANSON HOUSE
For Reservations
PHONE: 68308

Helena Rubinstein creates SILK MINUTE MAKE-UP

This glamorous combination make-up is Real silk Face Powder in a special silk-tone base—you're pretty in a minute. Lipstick in glowing Red, the latest colour of 1958.



"On my tour around the world I visited the best beauty houses and I find Salon d'OR first-class in every respect. Helena Rubinstein is the exclusive beauty preparation I use," said Shakuntala Devi, world famous Indian mathematical magician.



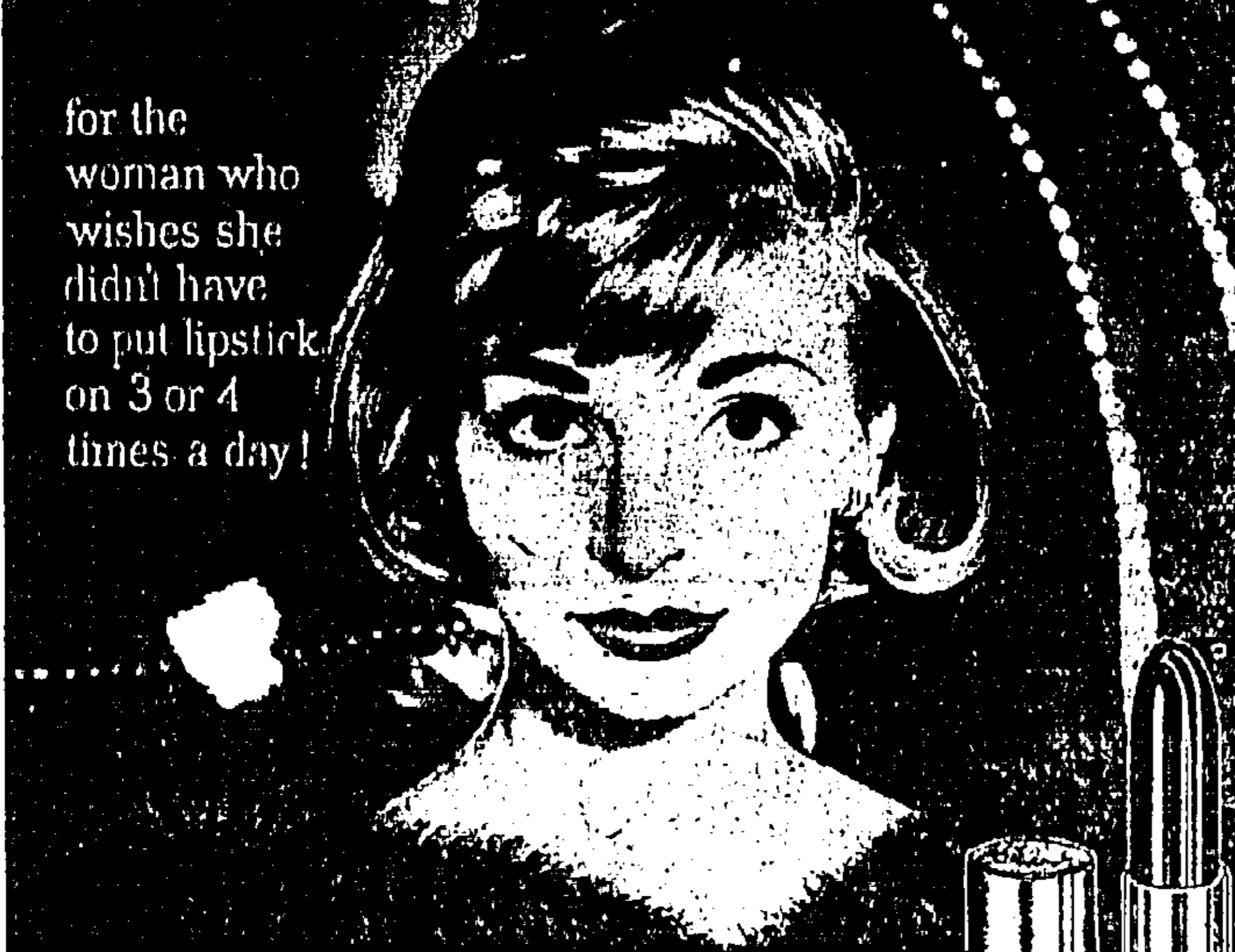
Photograph of Miss Shakuntala Devi and Miss Diana Ma taken at

Salon d'OR

Room 103, Yu To Sang Building,
Queen's Road, Central, Hongkong.
Tel: 21417

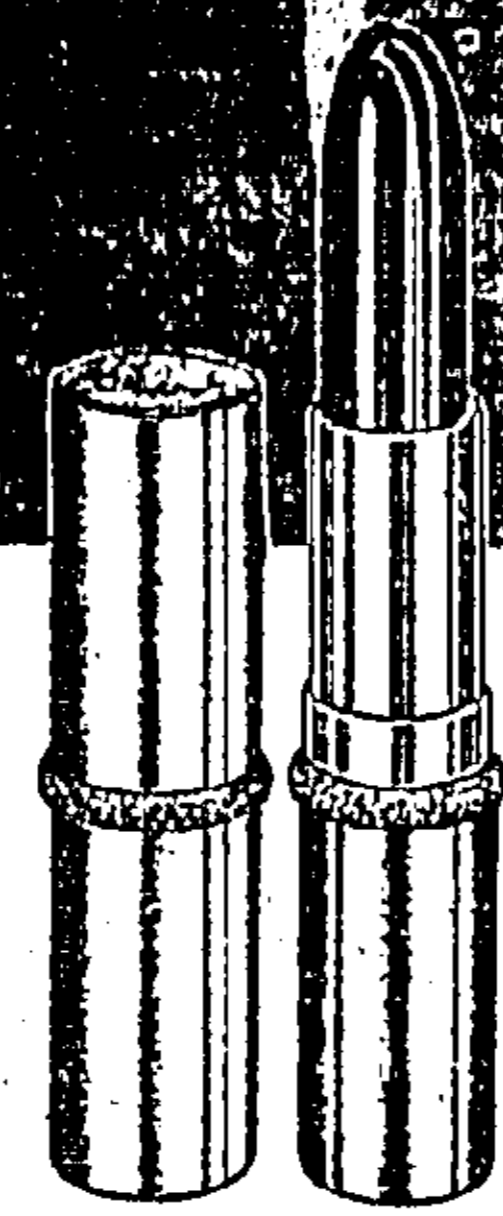
NEW Revlon DISCOVERY

for the woman who wishes she didn't have to put lipstick on 3 or 4 times a day!



Today...you can put radiant color on to stay... all through the day—without drying your lips!

Now you don't have to put lipstick on... and on... all through the day! Revlon's Lanolite Lipstick is the wonderfully new and different non-amar type lipstick—longer lasting and creamy too. It puts delicious color on to stay—without drying your lips. It's the only non-amar type lipstick enriched with Lanolite, Revlon's exclusive moisture-protecting ingredient to give your lips the fresh, moist look! Choose from 20 fabulous Revlon colors today.



Non-amar Lanolite Lipstick, in luxurious Futuramcase.

Revlon's 'Lanolite' Lipstick

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

The Push-Button Kitchen—It's Nearly Here

JOCASTA INNES TAKES A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

IMAGINE the carefree delight of cooking for a dinner-party, in the push-button kitchen of the future.

The place looks something mid-way between an operating theatre and a control tower. The walls are lined with cabinets. You notice these have no handles—the doors are operated by an electric eye.

Somewhere in this gleaming nest of chromium, glass and laminated plastic preparations for a three-course meal are going on: canning, the turkey is basting, vegetables are simmering, a soufflé is rising to perfection.

But none of this is actually visible. In the kitchen-of-tomorrow the rodded business of cooking is kept out of sight.

Somewhere else in the house the hostess reclines with a Martini and a serene expression. No apron, rubber gloves, clock-watching or last-minute rush for her.

Excuse Me....

It is all done by a portable remote control panel which this hostess, being a conscientious girl, props on the table beside her.

At zero hour a green light flashes on the control panel and, murmuring "Excuse me for a second," the hostess glides out of the room. Dinner, believe it or not, is ready.

Futuristic nonsense? Perhaps. But it is not as crazy as it sounds. Electrically advanced a long way since the time of Faraday. Acting on the principle that time is made for man and not the other way round, manufacturers are falling over themselves to concoct gadgets that cut down the time the 1953 housewife needs to spend in her kitchen.

Remote control is still a thing of the future. But thermostatic control is becoming an established feature of up-to-date kitchen equipment.

No Dirt

The latest cookers are all thermostatically controlled—which means that by setting a

couple of switches a housewife can spend the morning at the hair-dresser's knowing that lunch will be ready to serve when she gets back. It does not matter if she is late—because the cooker switches itself off automatically.

An added attraction in some of the newest models, the plates are sealed to the hob, preventing dirt and splashes from getting underneath.

Washing machines are standard equipment in most kitchens these days. But for those whose budget will not stretch to the full works there is an up-to-date version of the wash-boiler coming on the market in October.

Incorporating a small pump, which empties the boiler in eight seconds flat—no laborious emptying by hand—a hand-wringer and hand agitator, this job costs around £30.

Spin drier or tumbler-drier? The experts are divided. Spin driers are cheaper, but extract less moisture. The tumbler-drier can ensure bone dryness but is less suitable for woollens.

Again, if it is economy you are after, there is a budget-priced but effective collapsible model which will soon be on sale from £11 upwards.

Another gadget which was considered a luxury a few years back, but is fast becoming an essential in the civilised kitchen, is an extractor fan.

Prices range from £8—rather more for the de luxe 3-speed model which can be used to fan air into the kitchen as well as chase smells out.

Fastor

In the smaller electric-gadget range time-and worry-savers such as the pop-up toaster, and heat-controlled irons, are now established favourites.

But there is news in this range too. Electric kettles, for instance. These now heat water faster than ever—one of the new models will boil three pints of water in five minutes.

Batchelor-flat irons have not been forgotten. Electric dry-pans, element in the base and temperature control in the handle, can take care of a complete meal, and use less space than a typewriter.

—(London Express Services).

Do It Yourself

Wine costs 2d. a bottle—if you make it at home

By EILEEN ASCROFT

THE new do-it-yourself craze is making wine. Housewives' clubs are finding it an absorbing hobby and young couples a cheap way of entertaining. TV compere Derek Bond tells me he has huge success with his elderberry wine. "Each bottle works out at about 2d.," he says. "It has the fizz and dance of champagne, with a different taste. And it is really very potent."

Here is Derek's recipe: Mash 10oz. sugar and the berries off eight or nine heads of elderberry together in a large mixing bowl with a wooden spoon. Add two dessertspoons white vinegar, a thin peel of lemon and top up with water to make five pints. Cover and leave to stand for 30 hours.

"I do my straining through a nylon or silk stocking," advises Derek. "Then bottle my wine in lemonade bottles with a strong screw cap. Keep it for at least a fortnight and put in the fridge 24 hours before serving."

He has tried the same recipe with grapes—"Very good, though one bottle did blow up." Next experiment will be blackberries.

Young beauty

LAST year British women spent £61,000,000 on cosmetics. According to this survey that means almost £3 for every woman over 14.

Most important trend was the greatly increased use of beauty aids by teenagers. I consulted a beauty expert about do's and don'ts for the young girl. This is her advice:

★ DO let a girl of 14 use a fluff of powder and a pale pink lipstick for out of school hours, and polish her nails with a buff. Also a light cream if her skin is dry, and a flower perfume.

★ DO NOT encourage eye makeup or nail varnish until she leaves school. These are sophisticated touches that can wait till later.

—(London Express Services).

MISS G. B. (1953 VINTAGE) SHOWS ME HER £300 BIKINI

By ANNE SHARPLEY

YOU would think the poor girls who have teetered so barely and so bravely along those narrow gangplanks that seem such an essential part of beauty contests could have a rest, now that the summer is over. Not a bit of it. This is when they start their training for next year.

Now is the time for them to turn on the ultra-violet lamps to keep that tan tuned up. To take elocution lessons and intelligence tests because of a certain boring (and hypocritical?) trend among judges to insist on mental dimension as well.

To consider dyeing their hair or changing their name. And most importantly to study up all last year's contests, and plot victories for next summer.

Miss World?

It is no less than strategy deciding whether to aim for Miss Bighty, Shoreham's Floral Queen, Miss Mambo, or in drawn breath, "tummy even flatter, to aim for MISS WORLD."

And because you can find an expert to teach you anything these days—they can take a beauty contest course. Turning the course, she believes it is the only one in Britain, is none other than Aileen Chase, Miss Great Britain 1953.

Understandably, since if you have won 68 different beauty contests you must have convinced everyone you are beautiful. Miss Chase is very very plump. She also has two wigs—and a shroud—inside and outside.

knowledge of the beauty contest world. her bungalow-studio in Southwick she shows a bulging scrapbook of "before" and "after" photographs of girls who have come for training.

A shy, brown-haired, called Valerie blossoms into a sizzling, shapely blonde—and is now Miss Regatta and runner-up Holiday Princess.

A timid looking girl called Dawn photographed "before" pouring out a glass of milk, turns into a burgeoning beauty in a striped bikini and a sultry look, more look than bikini.

Dull names like Joan and Barbara are switched for the zippier sounding Leonne or Steve.

Miss Chase shakes her head affectionately over a picture of herself.

"That bikini, I made it out of a baby's nappy, and it won £300 in prize money. The girls just love to borrow it, they think it's lucky."

"The girls" were now all trooping in for their weekly evening lesson (22 weeks—£13 13s.).

Prizes Up

Diane was 16, she was a shop assistant, but very anxious to get ahead in life. Herol was partly Dutch and partly Irish. There were lots more contestants than when she (Miss Chase) was Miss Great Britain, and the money prizes had doubled. They could all get something if they took notice of what she said. There was more to beauty contests than just beauty. Judges for instance. Women judges could not stand a really sexy girl, a girl to win on a panel where there were more women than men must play it sweet.

JERSEY WITH PATTERNED BORDERS

MATERIALS:

6 (6-7) ounces Sirdar Majestic 3 ply wool in cherry.

1 ounce Sirdar Majestic 3 ply wool in black.

1 ounce Sirdar Majestic 3 ply wool in white.

2 No. 10 and 2 No. 11 "Aoro" knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS:

To fit 31-33, 34-36, or 37-39 inch bust.

Sleeve Seam 6½ ins. (finished).

Length 21½ (22-22½) ins.

TENSION:

7½ sts. to 1 inch.

ABBREVIATIONS:

k. knit, p. purl, rep. repeat, st. stitch, st. at stocking-st. (1 row k., 1 row p.), dec. decrease, inc. increase, cont. continue, tog. together, w. fwd. wool forward, w. bk. wool back, foll. following, rem. remain (ing), C. cherry, B. black, W. white, ins. inches.

N.B. For first size follow first figures, for medium size follow second figures and for large size follow third figures.

Front and Back Alike

With No. 11 needles and B. cast on 100 (121-133) sts. and work in st. st. for 1 inch, ending with a k. row.

Next Row: K.

Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: * K. 3 B. 1 W. 2

B. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

2nd Row: * P. 3 B. 1 W. 2

B. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

3rd Row: * K. 2 B. 3 W. 1

B. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

4th Row: * P. 2 B. 3 W. 1

B. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

5th Row: * K. 1 B. 5 W.

Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

6th Row: * P. 1 B. 5 W.

Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

7th Row: K. W.

8th Row: P. W. Break off D.

and W.

With C. work in st. st. until

work measures 6 ins., ending p.

row. Inc. at both ends of the

next and every foll. 8th row until

there are 123 (135-147) sts.

Cont. straight until work

measures 15 ins., ending p. row.

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of

every row until 109 (115-121)

sts. rem. Cont. straight until

work measures 21½ (22-22½)

ins., ending p. row.

Break off W. 8th and 10th

rows. K. B.

Work 1 inch in st. st. Cast off.

1st Row: With W. K.

2nd Row: P. W.

3rd Row: * K. 1 B. 5 W. Rep.

from * to last st., 1 B.

4th Row: * P. 1 B. 5 W. Rep.

from * to last st., 1 B.

5th Row: * K. 2 B. 3 W. 1

B. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

6th Row: * P. 2 B. 3 W. 1

B. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

7th Row: * K. 3 B. 1 W. 2

B. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

8th Row: * P. 3 B. 1 W. 2

B. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

Break off W. 8th and 10th

rows. K. B.

Work 1 inch in st. st. Cast off.

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of

every row until 109 (115-121)

sts. rem. Cont. straight until

work measures 21½ (22-22½)

ins., ending p. row.

Break off W. 8th and 10th

rows. K. B.

Work 1 inch in st. st. Cast off.

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of

every row until 109 (115-121)

sts. rem. Cont. straight until

work measures 21½ (22-22½)

ins., ending p. row.

Break off W. 8th and 10th

rows. K. B.

Work 1 inch in st. st. Cast off.

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of

every row until 109 (115-121)

sts. rem. Cont. straight until

work measures 21½ (22-22½)

ins., ending p. row.

Break off W. 8th and 10th

rows. K. B.

Work 1 inch in st. st. Cast off.

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of

every row until 109 (115-121)

sts. rem. Cont. straight until

work measures 21½ (22-22½)

ins., ending p. row.

Break off W. 8th and 10th

rows. K. B.

Work 1 inch in st. st. Cast off.

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of

every row until 109 (115-121)

sts. rem. Cont. straight until

work measures 21½ (22-22½)

ins., ending p. row.

Break off W. 8th and 10th

rows. K. B.

Work 1 inch in st. st. Cast off.

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of

every row until 109 (115-121)

sts. rem. Cont. straight until

work measures 21½ (22-22½)

ins., ending p. row.

Break off W. 8th and 10th

rows. K. B.

Work 1 inch in st. st. Cast off.

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of

every row until 109 (115-121)

sts. rem. Cont. straight until

work measures 21½ (22-22½)

ins., ending p. row.

Break off W. 8th and 10th

rows. K. B.

Work 1 inch in st. st. Cast off.

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of

every row until 109 (115-121)

sts. rem. Cont. straight until

work measures 21½ (22-22½)

ins., ending p. row.

Break off W. 8th and 10th

rows. K. B.

Work 1 inch in st. st. Cast off.

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of

every row until 109 (115-121)

sts. rem. Cont. straight until

work measures 21½ (22-22½)

ins., ending p. row.

Break off W. 8th and 10th

rows. K. B.

Work 1 inch in st. st. Cast off.

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of

every row until 109 (115-121)

sts. rem. Cont. straight until

work measures 21½ (22-22½)

ins., ending p. row.

Break off W. 8th and 10th

rows. K. B.

Work 1 inch in st. st. Cast off.

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of

every row until 109 (115-121)

sts. rem. Cont. straight until

work measures 21½ (22-22½)

ins., ending p. row.

ELVIS PRESLEY — IN THE ARMY — TELLS
HOLLYWOOD REPORTER MICHAEL RUDDY

I'M SURE MISSING MY CADILLACS!

WHEN I saw Elvis Presley's latest film, "King Creole"—in my opinion, his best film yet—his manager, Tom Parker, Presley and I dined together as the neon lights glittered in the celluloid city.

There wasn't a moment while we talked when some lovely girl was not looking admiringly over at the dark, smiling, crooked Elvis. But the singer was troubled; he gave even the prettiest of the girls not a second glance.

And when I asked him why, he murmured ruminatively: "I'm sure missing a heck of a lot of things."

I said it sounded as if he wasn't exactly relishing the prospect of his Army life which started at Memphis. Elvis nodded.

It wasn't that he objected to the Army, he declared flatly. Whatever the drill sergeant wanted to hand out, he could take. No—it was his way of life he was missing.

"I'm missing my family," he explained. "I miss my friends, my professional work, and, yes, I miss my Cadillac!"

The fact is, though, Elvis honestly enjoys singing, entertaining people, letting his heart go in a frenzied song. The best really means something to him. Whenever there's music with rhythm in the air, Elvis is there singing, swaying to the beat and strumming his guitar. Rock 'n' Roll makes his blood run free, and, for fun, there's beating bongos.

Like most Southerners, he has a natural love of singing. "You know," he said, "I learned a great deal studying Elizabethan madrigals. Yeah, I said yes, they were. And he went on: 'I listened a lot, too, to Bing Cross-ARTIE...'"

"There are other things to worry about besides Brigitte Bardot's engagement!"

by Perry Como, Burl Ives, and I particularly liked, Lauri London, you know. Elvis was brightening up. He threw a return smile, and one of those glances of his, to a girl across the room. She coloured with pleasure.

He said: "I hope people like 'King Creole.' I think there are some good songs in it. I really enjoyed making that picture."

I asked Tom Parker if the Army period was hitting the Presley finances. Apparently there are no worries.

During his two-year "hitch," the singer gets US\$1,000 a week come rain, come shine, from his recordings. "Elvis has had fourteen gold discs in two years, and I think he's singing better than ever," added Tom.

But even if Elvis sees snags about the Army engagement, there are the summer sides, too. It's almost certain, for instance, that he'll be with an armoured division in Germany.

That means he'll be in London quite a few weekends, and he expects he will fit in some special concerts in Great Britain. We moved on to the coffee as we talked. About us the noise, the brassness and the fanfare glamour of America assailed the car and eye. But Presley's thoughts were in quieter realms on the European side of the Atlantic.

"Tell me," he said, "do you think people will like me in Britain? Do you think I'll be accepted by people?"

He went on: "You see, I've been getting thousands of letters from young people in England and Scotland. I feel I know that they will like me. But, naturally, I'd like to be sure. The letters from these young Scots and English are very intelligent—so different to thousands I get here."

"I feel I would like to know the young folk who wrote them to me. I sure am mighty grateful to them."

And Elvis meant every word he said.

As I left him, the Presley face widened into a grin. "When I get out of the Army, do you know what's the first thing I'll do? Why, I'll get myself just one thing—a Triumph motor-cycle. And he grinned wider at his own pronunciation.

"I did that Triumph. It'll be my hound dog," he quipped. And then the golden boy of the spinning discs and the films was off. "God bless," he called, as he vanished through the Cadillac window.

by Perry Como, Burl Ives, and I particularly liked, Lauri London, you know. Elvis was brightening up. He threw a return smile, and one of those glances of his, to a girl across the room. She coloured with pleasure.

He said: "I hope people like 'King Creole.' I think there are some good songs in it. I really enjoyed making that picture."

I asked Tom Parker if the Army period was hitting the Presley finances. Apparently there are no worries.

During his two-year "hitch," the singer gets US\$1,000 a week come rain, come shine, from his recordings. "Elvis has had fourteen gold discs in two years, and I think he's singing better than ever," added Tom.

Roderick Mann ACTOR BURTON (WITH £100,000 IN THE BANK) SAYS 'I NEED NEVER WORK AGAIN'

It is after midnight in Geneva. The lights around the lake are long since out. And I have just got back after a nine-hour talking session with Richard Burton further along the lakeside.

Burton, the fiery 31-year-old Welsh actor who is due in London next week to star in the film *Look Back in Anger*, lives at Celigny, 15 minutes' drive along the west side of Lake Geneva.

He met me from the London plane in his Cadillac convertible. His hair was tousled and he was sunburned.

We drove out on the Lausanne road to the village of Celigny. There was an inn close to the station. We parked the car and went into the inn and ordered white wine. And we stayed on wine for the rest of the afternoon and evening.

Then Burton began to talk, in that rich, compelling voice, with the slight Welsh lilt.

"For the first time in my life," he said, "I've got no money work again. I've got £100,000 in the bank here. £100,000. I need never work again."

He looked across at me. "I know what you're thinking," he said. "That I left Britain simply to avoid paying tax. That's not true. There were many reasons."

"Oh, sure, the tax business contributed to my decision. I'd made eight Hollywood pictures, and earned a million dollars. And in the end what had I got out of it all? £1,500 in the bank, a car, and a two-room flat in Hampstead."

"All because I paid my taxes on the dot—unlike a lot of actors who are always behind. I was brought up never to owe money, you see."

I must save. He had his coat off now. And his tie. A lock of hair fell across his forehead.

"When I was considered 'hot' in Hollywood they were paying me £80,000 a picture," he said. "That's a lot of money. And I was getting hardly any of it."

"Well, I'm no fool. I reckon an actor can count on 15 years of big money earning. If he's lucky, in that time I've got to save for the bad days."

"£100,000 is a lot of money," I said. "How did you make most of it?"

"I was in a hit on Broadway," Burton said. "Time Remembered. And I got a percentage from the film *Alexander the Great*."

"Are you content with what you've got?"

"It's enough," Burton said. "Though it's tempting to try for a million. I've thought about it a lot. All those thoughts. Do you realise you couldn't count it all, if you had a million?"

He looked at the table lost in thought.

"They're interesting, you know, the Swiss banks. You don't use your name—just a number. Heaven help you if you lose it. I've got mine written down in Welsh all over the place."

"You've come a long way from the Welsh valleys," I said. "Yes," Burton said. "I have. When I was a kid I was one of 13. During the depression our whole family had to exist on a crown a week. Five shillings. I've never forgotten it."

He poured more wine.

"I've been on the wagon," he said. "This is the first drink I've had for a month. It tastes good."

"Will you ever live in Britain again?"

"No," Burton said. "I consider British income-tax immoral. But to leave just for a year or two to escape it would be even more immoral."

It's funny.... Outside the inn low clouds were wedding the mountains to the sky. Far out on the lake the Geneva steamship was ploughing slowly through the green waters.

"Funny, you know," Burton said. "When I go home to the Welsh valleys they can't understand why I got paid for acting. They think it's a marvelous racket. That's because they're natural actors, I suppose."

"What do you do when you go home to Wales?" I asked.

GENEVA.

At midnight we joined the patron in the cellars downstairs for a final bottle of wine. Then we went out to the car and Burton drove me back to my hotel in Geneva.

"Life here is good," he said. "And I'm accepted now. My wife and baby daughter are happy here. You know something... I have even been given a rifle and made a member of the Swiss Home Guard."

He smiled a little. "We've got it all worked out. If the Russians come we'll evacuate the valley and take to the mountains."

"I wish you luck," I said. He revved the engine of the Cadillac and accelerated away down the street. Soon he was lost to sight as he headed back again along the quiet lakeside.

Terrible.... "I grow up tough," Burton said. "But not as tough as my brother, Ivor, who is staying with me now. He once lifted Humphrey Bogart right off the floor by his lapels for saying something he didn't approve of."

"Wasn't Bogart your original sponsor in Hollywood?"

"Yes... he was a wonderful friend. We had many a great drinking session together. He was my kind of man. If you challenged him to put his hand through a plate-glass window—he would do it. And keep on drinking with the other hand."

"I made a lot of abnormal films in Hollywood," Burton continued. "The first two weren't too bad... *My Cousin Rachel* and *Desiree*. But the others were terrible."

"That's what happens when you're under contract. That's why I had to start fighting the studio. My films were getting worse and worse."

"What about *Alexander the Great*?"

"Couldn't stay. That could have been good, you know. I thought it had a chance. But you can never tell. I had another epic offered me the other day. *Solomon and Sheba*, with Gina Lollobrigida and that actor with a face like a Toby jug—Tyron Power."

He called across the inn for more wine. Outside it was getting dark and the lights were coming on around the lakeside.

"You can never become a really big Hollywood star and do plays as well," he said. "If you



Burton taken on

SHOW BUSINESS

ten down in Welsh all over the place."

"You've come a long way from the Welsh valleys," I said. "Yes," Burton said. "I have. When I was a kid I was one of 13. During the depression our whole family had to exist on a crown a week. Five shillings. I've never forgotten it."

He poured more wine.

"I've been on the wagon," he said. "This is the first drink I've had for a month. It tastes good."

"Will you ever live in Britain again?"

"No," Burton said. "I consider British income-tax immoral. But to leave just for a year or two to escape it would be even more immoral."

It's funny.... Outside the inn low clouds were wedding the mountains to the sky. Far out on the lake the Geneva steamship was ploughing slowly through the green waters.

"Funny, you know," Burton said. "When I go home to the Welsh valleys they can't understand why I got paid for acting. They think it's a marvelous racket. That's because they're natural actors, I suppose."

"What do you do when you go home to Wales?" I asked.

"I go down the pit at least once," Burton said. "Usually for eight hours or so. My family were miners, so I know all about it."

Off the floor. "Are they interested in what you're doing?" I asked. "Do they want to know all about Hollywood?"

"No. My family started reading the film columns when I went to Hollywood, of course, but they weren't very impressed. When I came back, they

* ACTRESS Natalie Wood has quarrelled with Warner Brothers. She says they paid her more as a child star (above) than they do now (right). Miss Wood, 20, complains: "I'm making 750 dollars a week. I was making 1000 dollars when I was eight."

Devil, which started shooting in a year ago—this is its first venture.

Originally this picture was to be made by Marlon Brando's film company at a cost of £500,000. Now, Mr Anderson told me, the Americans will supply only "certain facilities."

As these "facilities" include James Cagney, Don Murray and Dana Wynter, they cannot be too lightly regarded.

Michael Anderson founded his own company, Troy Film, over

the film *Shake Hands With The*

Michael Anderson—who directed *Around the World in Eighty Days*—has taken over the film *Shake Hands With The*

After spending five expensive weeks in Amsterdam filming scenes of Operation Amsterdam—another war film—a Pinewood unit have returned to build part

of the city at their own studios at a cost of £15,000.

The Dutch police banned certain street fighting scenes as too dangerous.

While waiting for the rain to stop, Eva Bartok is filling in time firing burst after burst on a Tommy-gun in readiness for these scenes.

She hates loud bangs. During practice she is able to plug her ears with cotton wool.

FOR THE RECORD, Miss Bartok kills two Nazis with two bursts. The Germans miss, probably fumbling for their autograph books.

SO PAINFUL. American actor Keith Andes has arrived to make his first British picture as star of *Model for Murder*.

Mr Andes was last in Britain just before the war when he studied at Oxford. He has some painful memories of the way our teachers administer discipline.

"I used to say to myself, 'if that guy lays a finger on me I'll toss him out of the window.' They know what I was thinking. They let me alone."

I pass this information on to all schoolboys who may shortly face the same situation.

BIG GUNS. Michael Anderson—who directed *Around the World in Eighty Days*—has taken over the film *Shake Hands With The*

After spending five expensive weeks in Amsterdam filming scenes of Operation Amsterdam—another war film—a Pinewood unit have returned to build part

of the city at their own studios at a cost of £15,000.

The Dutch police banned certain street fighting scenes as too dangerous.

While waiting for the rain to stop, Eva Bartok is filling in time firing burst after burst on a Tommy-gun in readiness for these scenes.

She hates loud bangs. During practice she is able to plug her ears with cotton wool.

FOR THE RECORD, Miss Bartok kills two Nazis with two bursts. The Germans miss, probably fumbling for their autograph books.

SO PAINFUL. American actor Keith Andes has arrived to make his first British picture as star of *Model for Murder*.

Mr Andes was last in Britain just before the war when he studied at Oxford. He has some painful memories of the way our teachers administer discipline.

"I used to say to myself, 'if that guy lays a finger on me I'll toss him out of the window.' They know what I was thinking. They let me alone."

I pass this information on to all schoolboys who may shortly face the same situation.

BIG GUNS. Michael Anderson—who directed *Around the World in Eighty Days*—has taken over the film *Shake Hands With The*

After spending five expensive weeks in Amsterdam filming scenes of Operation Amsterdam—another war film—a Pinewood unit have returned to build part

of the city at their own studios at a cost of £15,000.

The Dutch police banned certain street fighting scenes as too dangerous.

While waiting for the rain to stop, Eva Bartok is filling in time firing burst after burst on a Tommy-gun in readiness for these scenes.

She hates loud bangs. During practice she is able to plug her ears with cotton wool.

FOR THE RECORD, Miss Bartok kills two Nazis with two bursts. The Germans miss, probably fumbling for their autograph books.

SO PAINFUL. American actor Keith Andes has arrived to make his first British picture as star of *Model for Murder*.

Mr Andes was last in Britain just before the war when he studied at Oxford. He has some painful memories of the way our teachers administer discipline.

"I used to say to myself, 'if that guy lays a finger on me I'll toss him out of the window.' They know what I was thinking. They let me alone."

I pass this information on to all schoolboys who may shortly face the same situation.

BIG GUNS. Michael Anderson—who directed *Around the World in Eighty Days*—has taken over the film *Shake Hands With The*

After spending five expensive weeks in Amsterdam filming scenes of Operation Amsterdam—another war film—a Pinewood unit have returned to build part

of the city at their own studios at a cost of £15,000.

The Dutch police banned certain street fighting scenes as too dangerous.

While waiting for the rain to stop, Eva Bartok is filling in time firing burst after burst on a Tommy-gun in readiness for these scenes.

She hates loud bangs. During practice she is able to plug her ears with cotton wool.

FOR THE RECORD, Miss Bartok kills two Nazis with two bursts. The Germans miss, probably fumbling for their autograph books.

SO PAINFUL. American actor Keith Andes has arrived to make his first British picture as star of *Model for Murder*.

Mr Andes was last in Britain just before the war when he studied at Oxford. He has some painful memories of the way our teachers administer discipline.

"I used to say to myself, 'if that guy lays a finger on me I'll toss him out of the window.' They know what I was thinking. They let me alone."

I pass this information on to all schoolboys who may shortly face the same situation.

BIG GUNS. Michael Anderson—who directed *Around the World in Eighty Days*—has taken over the film *Shake Hands With The*

After spending five expensive weeks in Amsterdam filming scenes of Operation Amsterdam—another war film—a Pinewood unit have returned to build part

of the city at their own studios at a cost of £15,000.

The Dutch police banned certain street fighting scenes as too dangerous.

While waiting for the rain to stop, Eva Bartok is filling in time firing burst after burst on a Tommy-gun in readiness for these scenes.

She hates loud bangs. During practice she is able to plug her ears with cotton wool.

FOR THE RECORD, Miss Bartok kills two Nazis with two bursts. The Germans miss, probably fumbling for their autograph books.

SO PAINFUL. American actor Keith Andes has arrived to make his first British picture as star of *Model for Murder*.

Mr Andes was last in Britain just before the war when he studied at Oxford. He has some painful memories of the way our teachers administer discipline.

"I used to say to myself, 'if that guy lays a finger on me I'll toss him out of the window.' They know what I was thinking. They let me alone."

I pass this information on to all schoolboys who may shortly face the same situation.

BIG GUNS. Michael Anderson—who directed *Around the World in Eighty Days*—has taken over the film *Shake Hands With The*

After spending five expensive weeks in Amsterdam filming scenes of Operation Amsterdam—another war film—a Pinewood unit have returned to build part

of the city at their own studios at a cost of £15,000.

The Dutch police banned certain street fighting scenes as too dangerous.

While waiting for the rain to stop, Eva Bartok is filling in time firing burst after burst on a Tommy-gun in readiness for these scenes.

She hates loud bangs. During practice she is able to plug her ears with cotton wool.

FOR THE RECORD, Miss Bartok kills two Nazis with two bursts. The Germans miss, probably fumbling for their autograph books.

SO PAINFUL. American actor Keith Andes has arrived to make his first British picture as star of *Model for Murder*.

Mr Andes was last in Britain just before the war when he studied at Oxford. He has some painful memories of the way our teachers administer discipline.

"I used to say to myself, 'if that guy lays a finger on me I'll toss him out of the window.' They know what I was thinking. They let me alone."

I pass this information on to all schoolboys who may shortly face the same situation.

BIG GUNS. Michael Anderson—who directed *Around the World in Eighty Days*—has taken over the film *Shake Hands With The*

After spending five expensive weeks in Amsterdam filming scenes of Operation Amsterdam—another war film—a Pinewood unit have returned to build part

of the city at their own studios at a cost of £15,000.

The Dutch police banned certain street fighting scenes as too dangerous.

While waiting for the rain to stop, Eva Bartok is filling in time firing burst after burst on a Tommy-gun in readiness for these scenes.

She hates loud bangs. During practice she is able to plug her ears with cotton wool.

FOR THE RECORD, Miss Bartok kills two Nazis with two bursts. The Germans miss, probably fumbling for their autograph books.

SO PAINFUL. American actor Keith Andes has arrived to make his first British picture as star of *Model for Murder*.

Mr Andes was last in Britain just before the war when he studied at Oxford. He has some painful memories of the way our teachers administer discipline.

"I used to say to myself, 'if that guy lays a finger on me I'll toss him out of the window.' They know what I was thinking. They let me alone."

I pass this information on to all schoolboys who may shortly face the same situation.

BIG GUNS. Michael Anderson—who directed *Around the World in Eighty Days*—has taken over the film *Shake Hands With The*

After spending five expensive weeks in Amsterdam filming scenes of Operation Amsterdam—another war film—a Pinewood unit have returned to build part

of the city at their own studios at a cost of £15,000.

The Dutch police banned certain street fighting scenes as too dangerous.

While waiting for the rain to stop, Eva Bartok is filling in time firing burst after burst on a Tommy-gun in readiness for these scenes.

She hates loud bangs. During practice she is able to plug her ears with cotton wool.

FOR THE RECORD, Miss Bartok kills two Nazis with two bursts. The Germans miss, probably fumbling for their autograph books.

SO PAINFUL. American actor Keith Andes has arrived to make his first British picture as star of *Model for Murder*.

Mr Andes was last in Britain just before the war when he studied at Oxford. He has some painful memories of the way our teachers administer discipline.

"I used to say to myself, 'if that guy lays a finger on me I'll toss him out of the window.' They know what I was thinking. They let me alone."

I pass this information on to all schoolboys who may shortly face the same situation.

BIG GUNS. Michael Anderson—who directed *Around the World in Eighty Days*—has taken over the film *Shake Hands With The*

After spending five expensive weeks in Amsterdam filming scenes of Operation Amsterdam—another war film—a Pinewood unit have returned to build part

of the city at their own studios at a cost of £15,000.

The Dutch police banned certain street fighting scenes as too dangerous.

While waiting for the rain to stop, Eva Bartok is filling in time firing burst after burst on a Tommy-gun in readiness for these scenes.

She hates loud bangs. During practice she is able to plug her ears with cotton wool.

FOR THE RECORD, Miss Bartok kills two Nazis with two bursts. The Germans miss, probably fumbling for their autograph books.

SO PAINFUL. American actor Keith Andes has arrived to make his first British picture as star of *Model for Murder*.</

Love In A Life Of Lavender... I Yawn A Little

I WORRY sometimes about English literature.

I would hate it to be a dead thing, lectured over in hushed voices and darkened rooms, but until the late explosion of successful bed-sitting-room writers, that is what was happening to it.

Now, slightly dismayed by such vulgarly the old guard have withdrawn.

The young rogue writers surge in the foreground, but the ancient regime, clinging to their sweet, old-fashioned beliefs that art is longer than life, and style is all (even in love affairs), are behind their stately walls. Occasionally they peep over the top.

Taste

Now if anyone is a member of this regiment of taste it is Lady David Cecil. She is a daughter of Sir Desmond MacCarthy (a critic so distinguished that everyone still sighs when his name is mentioned) and Mary MacCarthy (author of "Nineteenth Century Childhood").

She has just written her first novel, *Theresa's Choice* (Constable, 18s.), which is getting awed reviews from everyone this week. She is also married to the Professor of English Literature at Oxford, if a lord.

"Theresa's Choice" is an anemic tale. Theresa is courted by three men: Ivor Brandon, an artist with heavy eyes who sweeps her off to Paris and where "lets her down"; an already-married doctor called Colin, who plays lawn tennis; and Edward, Edward is "like a fragile intellectual bird," with "long fingers nervously tapping a cigarette."

Edward is awfully like Lord David Cecil. Theresa marries Edward.

I am sorry to say this story bored me stiff. It was, as though literature, with all that

THE NEW BOOKS

by NANCY SPAIN

is good in it, like Proust and Jane Austen, had hopelessly inbred upon itself, somewhere in a cork-lined room where there was no fresh air to keep it going.

It was as though, as a story, it existed on memories of days when life was life and men were men, yet no rude fellow dared speak out plainly about it all, let alone print it in the newspapers.

So I went to talk to Rachel Cecil in her nice red brick villa in Oxford. The thundery exhausted weather added to my feelings. The house was in a backwater of dodged streets, and I waited in a drawing-room that was really an elegant light-weight library.

The shelves were white and there, sure enough, was the whole of Proust and the whole of Jane Austen.

Music

Incongruously, the piano was untidy. There lay a banjolele, a piano, transistoric of a jazz classic, many long-playing gramophone records. Near by were two music stands, with music.

Rachel Cecil is fortyish, pretty, kind, and charming, shy yet sure of herself. She took a deep interest in anything one cared to talk about. Particularly literature.

Yes, her husband had helped her a lot with her book. Yes, she had enjoyed writing it. Yes, she had been at it a long, long time.

We drank tea (Earl Grey's Mixture) she put the milk in last. We ate very, very thin brown bread and butter, and cakes specially made by a retainer who was somewhere in the kitchen.

VIOLENCE IN THE BIG CITY

By WALTER ALLEN

THE SKINNER. By Jay Gilbert. New Authors, 15s.

JAY GILBERT is described on the jacket of her novel as "New Author No. 1." The Skinner is the first book to bear the imprint of New Authors, Limited. It is a melodrama, lurid, intensely serious, and finally unconvincing.

It is set in an anonymous city. Liz Buckley, a teen-age girl, goes to Skinner Street in the heart of the slums to look for 14-year-old Ron, the wife to whom she has played little mother and who has run away to avoid the police.

When found, she repudiates her, but a friend of his, a young tough named Scottie, falls reluctantly in love with her.

His refuge

When she discovers Scottie belongs to a gang of hero-peddlers she gives him up and sinks into an alcoholic apathy.

Months pass. Love for Liz and a sudden realization of the misery of the drug addict's life cause Scottie to break away from the gang. He takes refuge in Liz's flat, where the gang bosses him.

Then comes the sinister gang-leader, Finn, to prevent his killing Scottie, and is then himself killed in a road accident. Scottie, blaming himself for his friend's death, is persuaded by Liz from killing himself in turn.

It is the old story: The redemption of a bad man by a good woman's love, but told in such a way as to read like an espresso-bur dream of violence based on jumbled recollections of gangster films and stories.

Anonymous

The big-city background is as formalised, as abstract as the decor of an advanced ballet about the slums.

In the end the characters, who are snarled-up and inarticulate almost to the point of dumbness, are as anonymous and featureless as the city. We know no more about them than we did at the beginning.

But there is power here, and a genuine attempt to wrestle with language. When Jay Gilbert looks at life straight instead of through films and literature she may well give us something to write home about.

(London Express Service).

THE FINAL GAMBLE THAT FAILED

von Rundstedt: 'The Hitler plan was nonsensical'

by MILTON SHULMAN

THE BATTLE OF THE ARDENNES. By Robert E. Merriam. Souvenir Press, 21s.

TO a fanfare of exultant orders of the day, the Wehrmacht on December 16, 1944, made its last, despairing lunge for victory in the West. The effort was doomed to failure from the start and the resultant battle probably shortened the war by many months.

Mr Merriam has written a detailed, rather flushed, account of this familiar battle that adds remarkably little to what we already know.

The shock

Probably its chief distinction, from a British standpoint is the fact that it vigorously defends Montgomery's strategic handling of the battle in the northern salient of the Ardennes.

When the Germans broke into the Ardennes-Eifel sector with 17 divisions on the first day and followed this up quickly with another 12 divisions, Allied commanders were staggered by their own ignorance.

After the break-through in Normandy and the rout through France, optimism was the prevailing emotion in Allied circles.

Intelligence officers vied with each other writing wisecracks about the disorganised Wehrmacht and the troops confidently expected a quick end to the war.

The evidence

But Hitler had other plans. From mid-September the Fuehrer had been planning this counter-offensive through the Ardennes which was aimed at reaching Antwerp and severing the Allied armies in two.

There was no lack of evidence about this German plan available to Allied intelligence. But so convinced were they of its strategic impracticability that they consistently reasoned themselves out of the obvious.

Indeed, when two prisoners-of-war reported on December 14 that the Germans were preparing an attack, intelligence assumed it was an error in translation and reprinted it as a

THREE JOURNEYS ON THE THAMES

By RICHARD CHURCH

LONDON'S RIVERSIDE. By Eric de Mare. Reinhardt, 30s.

THE author of this book is an architect, a journalist and a photographer. So he is well qualified to make his triple journey down the Thames from Battersea to Woolwich.

The first journey is in the past, and on his way he gives us a history of the two bank-sides, from sedge and swamp dwellings was a privilege because "his street was comparatively clean, all soil and rubbish from the houses being thrown, not in a stinking midden in the street, as elsewhere in the town, but down trodders into the river."

Water could be pulled up in buckets straight from the river and fishing lines could be suspended from the windows.

Mr de Mare's second journey is in the present, showing us the bank-sides as they are in all their confusion, lack of planning, waste, and not infrequent moments of grandeur and poetic beauty (such as the scene from Stungford Bridge, or evening

A privilege

Needle "has nothing to do with the Egyptian Queen, but was originally one of a pair of obelisks erected at Heliopolis about 1450 BC by Thothmes III in front of a temple to the sun."

The third journey is in the future. This is more hopeful than real, but it is backed by pictures, the first being an imaginary reconstruction of the Pool of London by one George Dance in 1800, with two bridges flanking great crescents, north and south of the river and with The Monument conspicuous.

The other picture is a sketch from the recent Holden and Holford post-war reconstruction plan. It shows a riverside walk below Upper Thames Street secured by setting back warehouses.

(London Express Service).

Mr. Shute Scores A Technical Win

by RICHARD LISTER

THE RAINBOW AND THE ROSE. By Nevil Shute. Heinemann, 16s.

OF all the plain, straightforward story-tellers, Mr. Nevil Shute is the plainest and most straightforward. His characters are simple men of action, wholly uncomplicated, nice, grown-up, schoolboys with the code of behaviour of nice schoolboys. His women, I sometimes think, are nice grown-up schoolgirls, too.

But what Mr Shute does small aircraft. Johnny Pascoe, who retired from the capital city of an Australian air-line at 40, is when we first hear of him, lying with a fractured skull in an inaccessible part of Tasmania.

He learned his flying in the 1914-18 war.

Johnny survived a German prison camp, but his marriage did not. It had been to a musical comedy soubrette who deserted him for Hollywood.

His next, and last but one love, was Brenda Marshall.

Her husband is a mental case. This produces terrible complications for the simple-hearted people. Brenda's husband is always in danger of getting better, and needs her, and they must not do anything "smutty". But evidently they do one night at an Aero rally in France, for the result is a daughter. Divorce is impossible and Brenda deliberately crushes her. She dies.

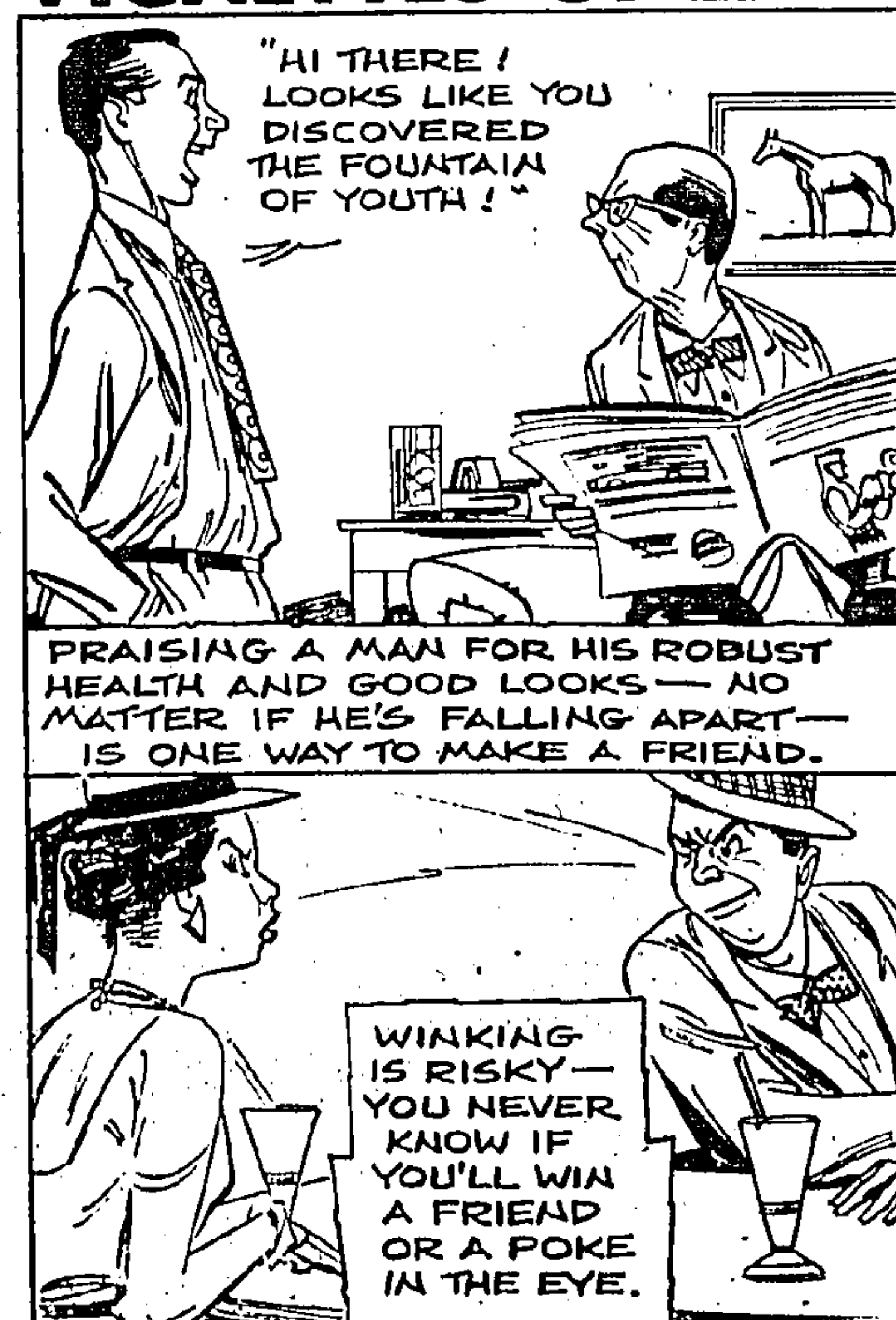
FIRST LOVE

Johnny turns his back on England and devotes himself to his first love, flying. Twenty-five years later his wheel turns full circle. The chief air bosses of his line makes a devastating impression on him and he finds himself falling in love (in the nicest possible way) with his own illegitimate daughter.

So successfully does Mr Shute wrap up this yarn in a covering of realistic technical detail that we hardly notice its halcyon. It may be a very simple tale, but it is very skilfully put over.

(London Express Service).

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



FICTION SHELF

By JOHN WATERMAN

DISCOURSE WITH SHADOWS. By J. E. Macgibbon. Gollancz, 12s. 6d. The bombed-out ruins of post-war Frankfurt and four survivors of a Nazi concentration camp are joined by Franz Gruenwald who has been in England since 1939. He becomes involved with their past in an act of revenge which leads to a climax of terror with nightmare memories.

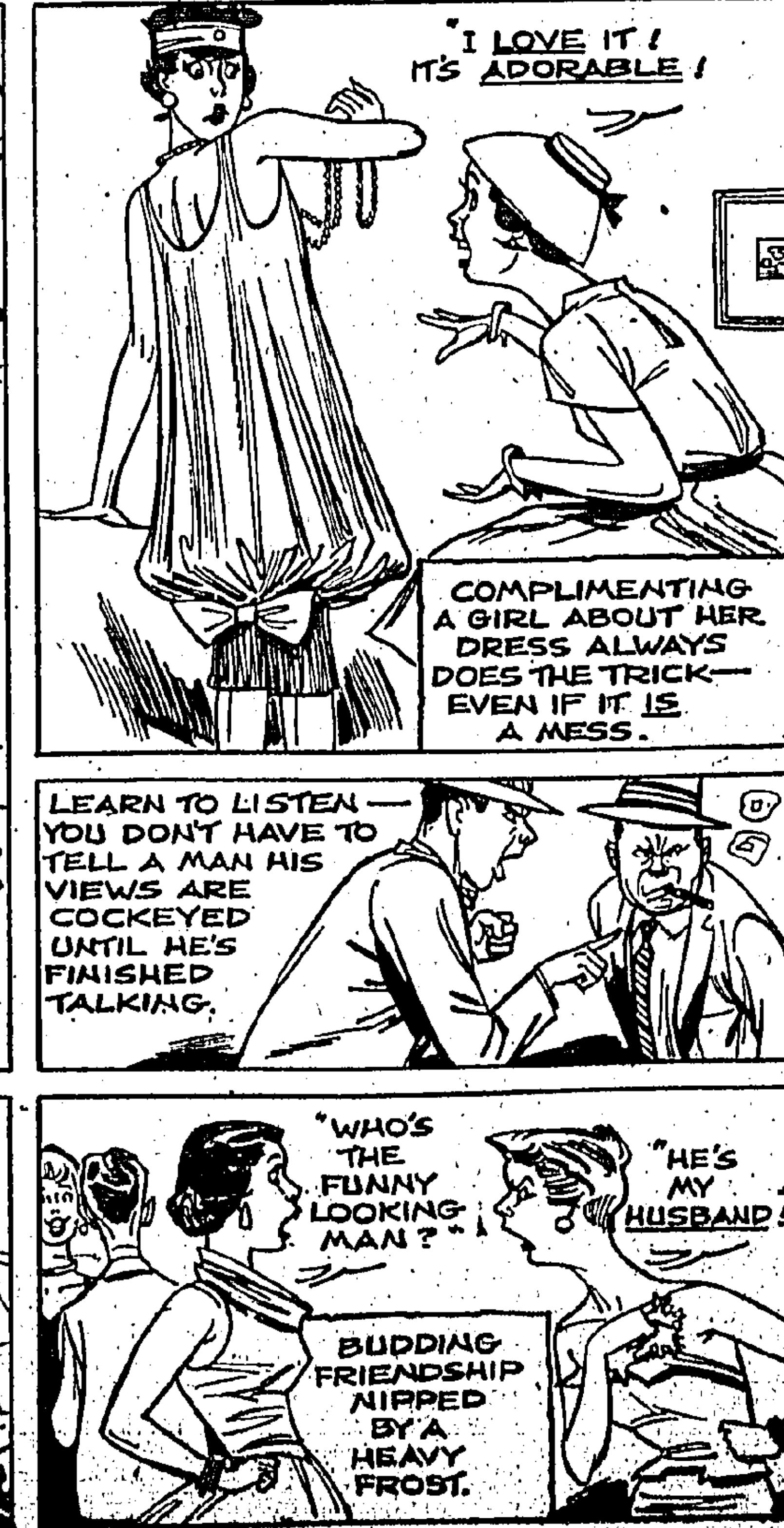
A moving and convincing novel with background as authentic as any recent work in a counterpoint of suspense.

BETWEEN THE PARTIES. By Helen Foley. Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d. An old love affair is unhappily resurrected against a cosy landscape of life with the British Army. The Australian colonel's India, dignified but impoverished, and Austrian aristocracy, babies and back-biting. A well-written sort of Colonel Dale's diary.

(London Express Service).

Making Friends

By Harry Weinert



JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Bid And Play
Shows Science

By OSWALD JACOBY

SOUTH went down 1,400 points yesterday in order to save a rubber. Today's hand is the next and final one of that same rubber.

The East-West bidding was very scientific. East's two-spade bid was a definite slam try and West with 10 points was willing to show his club ace. When East continued by showing the ace of diamonds West jumped to four hearts on account of his good trumps and East contracted for the slam.

Careful play was required to bring the hand home. East won the opening spade lead and drew

NORTH (D)		10
♠	K 9 7 5 3	7
♥	9 6 5	10 9 8 4
WEST		EAST
♠	K J 6 3	♠ A Q 9 8 5 2
♥	8 4 3 2	♥ A Q 10
♦	A Q 8	♦ K 2
SOUTH		
♠	Q J 10 6	
♥	10 4	
♦	K 7	
♣	J 7 5 3	
Both vulnerable.		
East and West 60 on score.		
North	East	South
Pass	1♥	Pass
Pass	2♥	Pass
Pass	3♥	Pass
Pass	4♥	Pass
Pass	6♥	Pass
Opening lead—♠ Q		

trumps with two leads. Three rounds of clubs allowed him to get rid of his losing spade and he ruffed dummy's last spade in his own hand.

This series of plays had eliminated all black cards from his hand and dummy. Now all he had to do was to enter dummy with a third trump, lead a diamond and finesse his ten spot.

South won with the jack and was now helpless. A diamond lead would be up to East's ace-queen and a spade or club lead would allow East to ruff in dummy and discard his queen of diamonds.

♥+CARD Sense♦

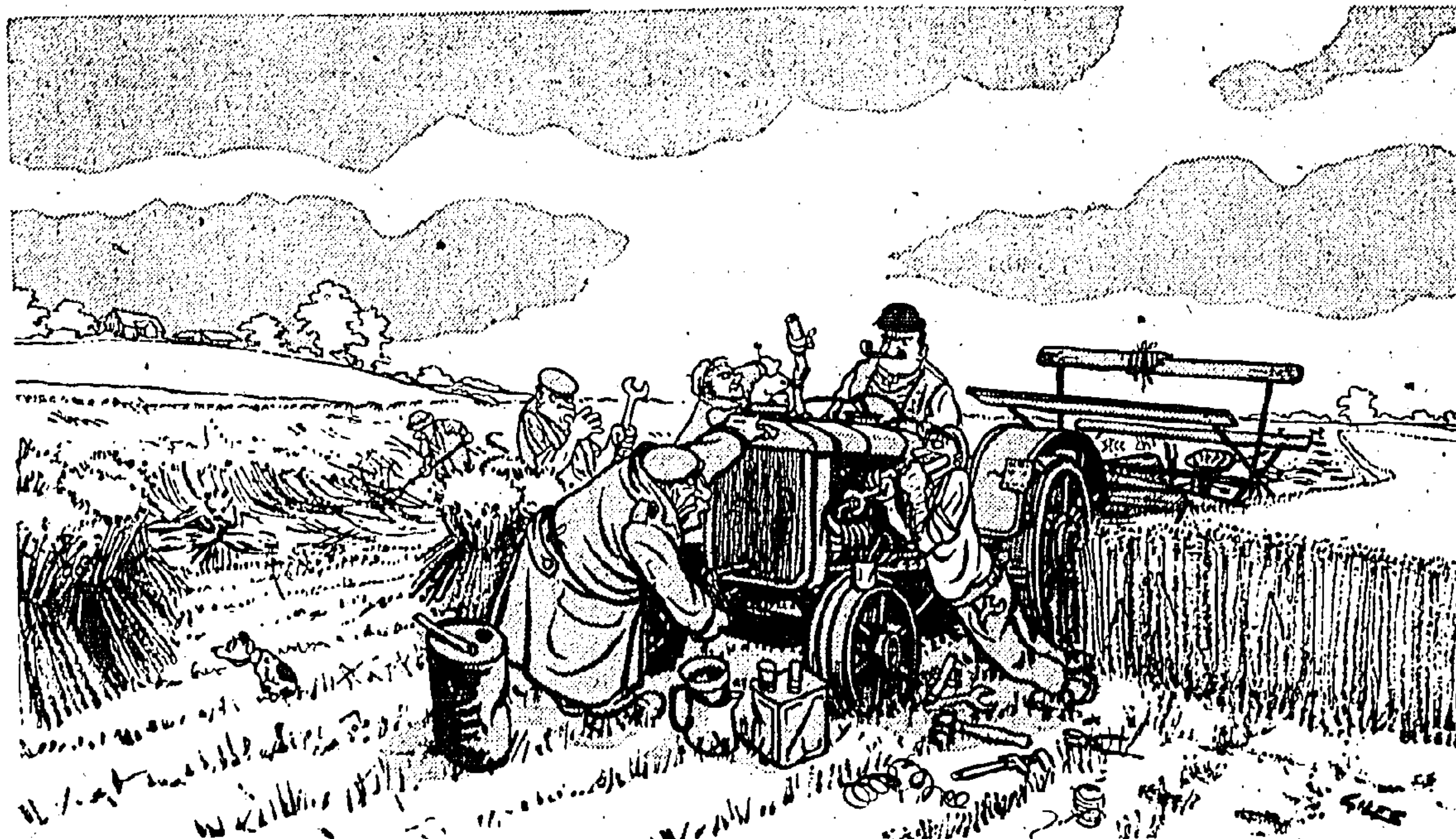
Q—The bidding has been:
North East South West
1♥ Pass 1♥ Pass
2NT Pass ? Pass

You, South, hold:
♠ A Q 8 5 ♥ K J 10 ♣ Q 2 ♦ 8 7 6
What do you do?
A—Bid three no-trump. You may be missing a slam but you are more likely to be missing a slam that won't make.

TODAY'S QUESTION
You hold the same hand. Your partner's rebid after your one heart has been three no-trump. What do you do in this case?

Answer on Monday

An English farm labourer recently won £75,000 on the football pools by correctly forecasting eight matches to end in a draw. He said he would help to gather in the harvest before deciding what to do with the money.



"If I win £75,000, I'm hanged if I don't treat him to a new 'n'"

The fear behind this 'We want Bevan' call

THE REBELS WITHOUT A CAUSE SEE HIM AS THEIR LAST ELECTION HOPE

By GEORGE HUTCHINSON

Evening Standard Political Correspondent.

TORIES, Socialists and Liberals alike must surely be agreed on one thing when their annual party conferences concluded. For it now seems beyond dispute that the most remarkable aspect of the political scene in Britain today is not the tremendous recovery of the Government but the continuing failure of the Opposition to improve their prospects.

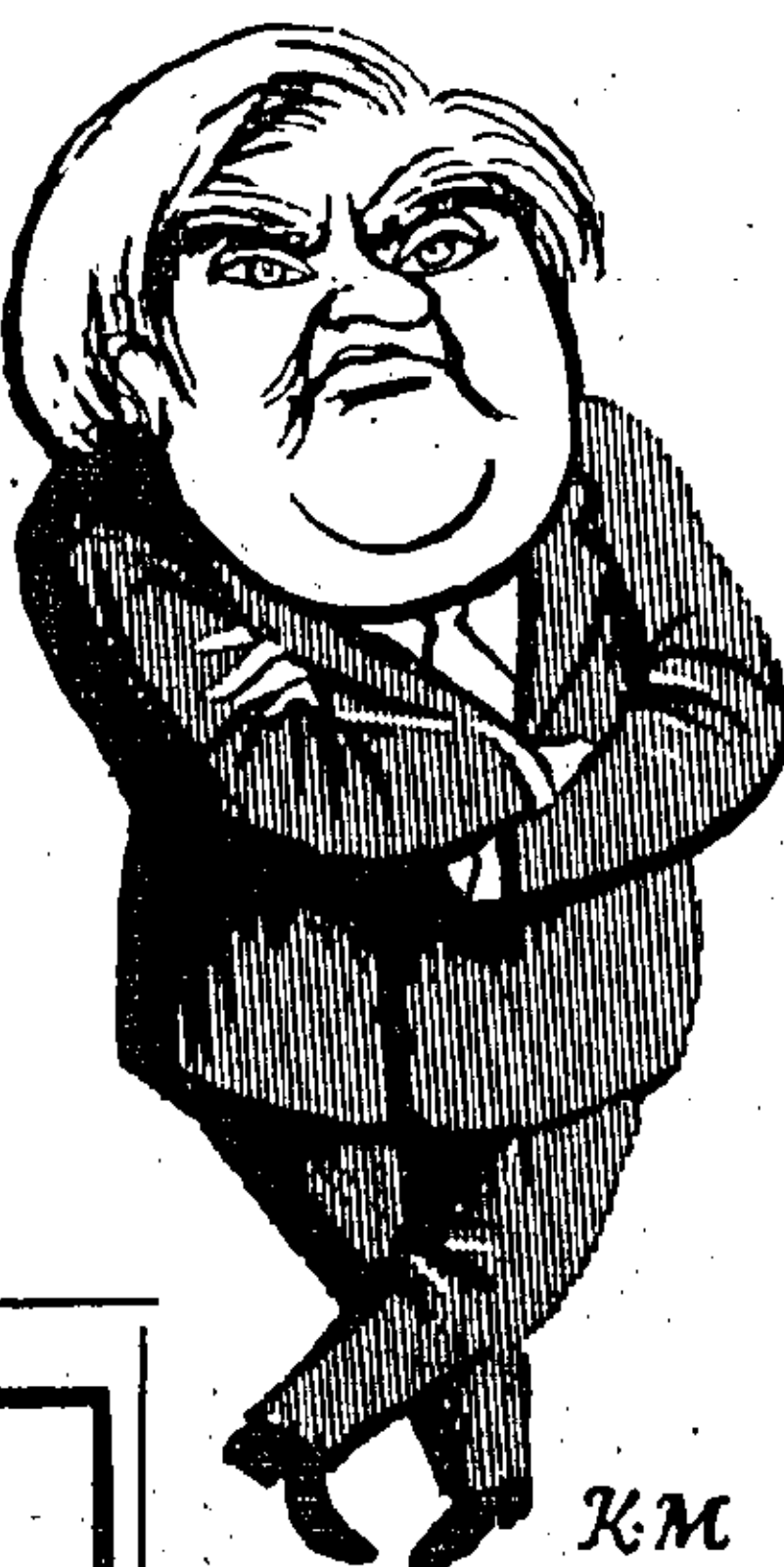
Even through the long months of the Government's unpopularity, the Socialists made no advance. Now they are not even treading water: they are sinking.

TOO LATE?

The decline is unmistakable to all but the most blinkered in the party. And, in terms of the next General Election it is almost complete, close to the point at which any remedial action is liable to prove too late. What has gone wrong? Is it simply Mr Gaiskell's leadership, or is there another explanation?

Some of the trade union leaders have given their answer. Diagnosing faults at the top, they now seek to invest Mr Anurin Bevan as chairman of the party at the forthcoming conference so that he should preside over their destinies during what they expect to be an election year.

It is hardly flattering to Mr Gaiskell. Nor, of course, to Mrs Barbara Castle, to whom the chairmanship should pass as she is now vice-chairman. It might almost suggest that Mrs Castle is in some way unfitted to occupy the chair when great affairs are in hand—as if she were a sort of Laski figure, not



Bevan leadership without a cause... faith without a belief.

sufficiently well known and possibly indiscreet like the professor who was Attlee's party chairman in 1945.

If it's discretion that tells, the Socialists would hardly want Nye "Vermin." "Dedicated calculating machine." You could scarcely call the man discreet. But would the replacement of Mrs Castle by Mr Bevan in itself cure the ills of the party? Mr Bevan has the marvellous gift of oratory. Few can begin to match him on the platform or in the House of Commons. But an orator has to have something to say. A leader needs a cause. And this is the root of the Socialist problem. There is no longer a cause. The fire has gone out.

And, paradoxically, it was Mr Bevan himself who killed the last Socialist cause when at the Brighton conference a year ago he rejected the plan for Britain to abandon the H-bomb atom.

In so doing he outraged his friends of the Left and destroyed the enthusiasm of untold thousands of constituency workers—even though that enthusiasm was misplaced and Mr Bevan's judgment was right.

There is another reason too, why a great Party has grown weary. The old cause of Socialism—the gross disparity between wealth and poverty—has vanished. Constantly, the Socialists harp upon the fear of unemployment. That is a very real fear; but it is hard to

preach Socialism successfully and cry social justice to people who are buying motor cars, refrigerators, television sets, and washing machines on a scale unknown before.

There are, it is true, some pockets of unemployment, but there is every indication that the return to an expanding economy will take up the slack.

In these circumstances the Socialists face the prospect not only of a third successive General Election victory for the Tories but—worse still—the prospect of a greater political defeat than in 1955.

It is for this reason that their more astute leaders are turning to Mr Bevan.

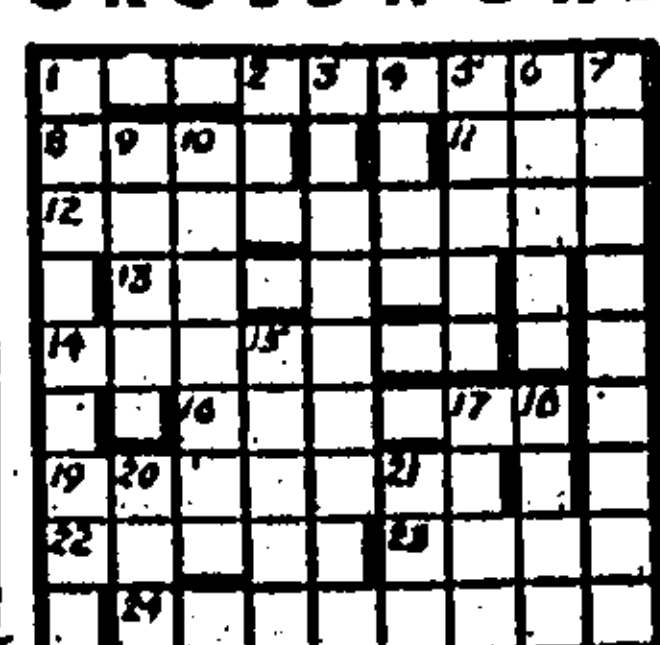
AT THE TOP

The cry Bevan for Chairman amounts to a last throw by a group still sharp enough to recognise that if they are to be defeated it must be an "honourable" or dignified defeat. In other words, the Tory majority must be kept down, within proportions that will not utterly dishearten the entire party for years.

And the conviction grows that only with Mr Bevan visibly and formally at the top, alongside Mr Gaiskell, can this conceivably be realised. Bevan cannot guarantee success, but perhaps the passionate, romantic force of his personality can save them from total disaster, even without some great rampaging cause. That is the reasoning.

Bevan leadership without a cause faith without a belief. And Mr Bevan himself?

CROSSWORD



Across
1. Italian measure. (5)
2. Image. (4)
3. It floats but does not go to sea. (5, 4)
4. Extra surplus. (5)
5. Eastern war. (7)
6. The bed (anag.). (4)
7. Incident. (5)
8. Part of old bishopric. (5)
9. Units. (4) 10. Darnen. (5)

Down
1. Soup ingredient in China. (4)
2. Chinese chiefs. (2) 3. Beer. (5)
4. Solid sugar. (4) 5. Decorate. (5)
6. Smooty polite. (5)
7. Nothing recovered. (4)
8. Bed. (4)
9. Optimistically. (5)
10. Pable man. (5)
11. Valley. (5)
12. Always. (4)
13. Award for players. (5)
14. Mark. (5)

PARADE

MANLIFTER COMING UP: Alexander H. Bohr, 37-year-old inventor of Denville, New Jersey, has invented a rocket which, when tied to a man's back, will partially overcome the pull of gravity.

This is no harebrained scheme. It is sponsored by the rocket company which made the motor for the Viking, forerunner of the Vanguard.

And the U.S. Defence Department says that it is definitely interested in the gadget.

The person wearing the manlifter has not actually flown in tests, but the gadget gave him full and free use of his muscles. He had no ill-effects afterwards.

A company spokesman said that, with the rocket, a person can "run faster, jump across rivers, scale walls and cliffs, jump extraordinary heights and not be tired when he gets there."

Details about the size and fuel are secret. But it is described as fairly small and expensive.

LEGACY PROBLEM: An Italian-born American citizen, Consolato Miri, who made a will cutting his wife off with a dollar and leaving \$24,000 to Pope Pius XII, has set the Vatican a problem.

Miri, who apparently lived a life of abject poverty, surprised the city of Syracuse, in America, when at his death police revealed exactly how much money he had left.

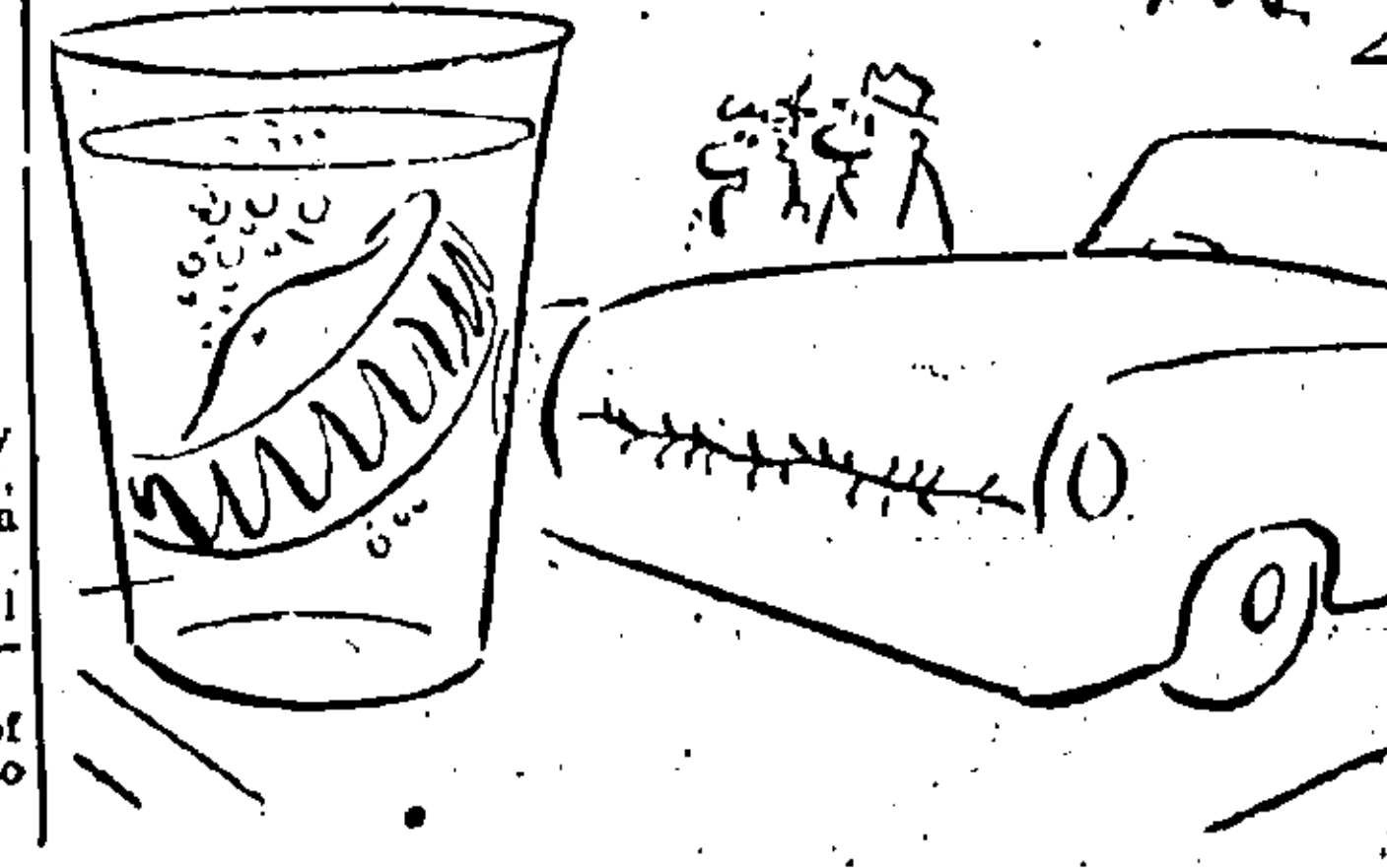
Besides the dollar for his wife, Miri also bequeathed a dollar each to his brother and sister.

A spokesman at the Vatican said: "This is something that will require very careful study and the Pope will call for a full report from the Church authorities where Miri lived."

ZANIES



John Gashan
"SHAME ON YOU, BEGGING IN THE STREETS!"



He is said to be extremely uneasy about the outlook, champing at the bit under a sickening sense of frustration. If it can be managed he will no doubt accept the chairmanship.

And that office, in a year of defeat, might yet carry him to the leadership. (London Express Service).



QANTAS

Australia's Round-the-World Airline

Congratulates

MALAYAN AIRWAYS

on the introduction of their
twice weekly services.

between

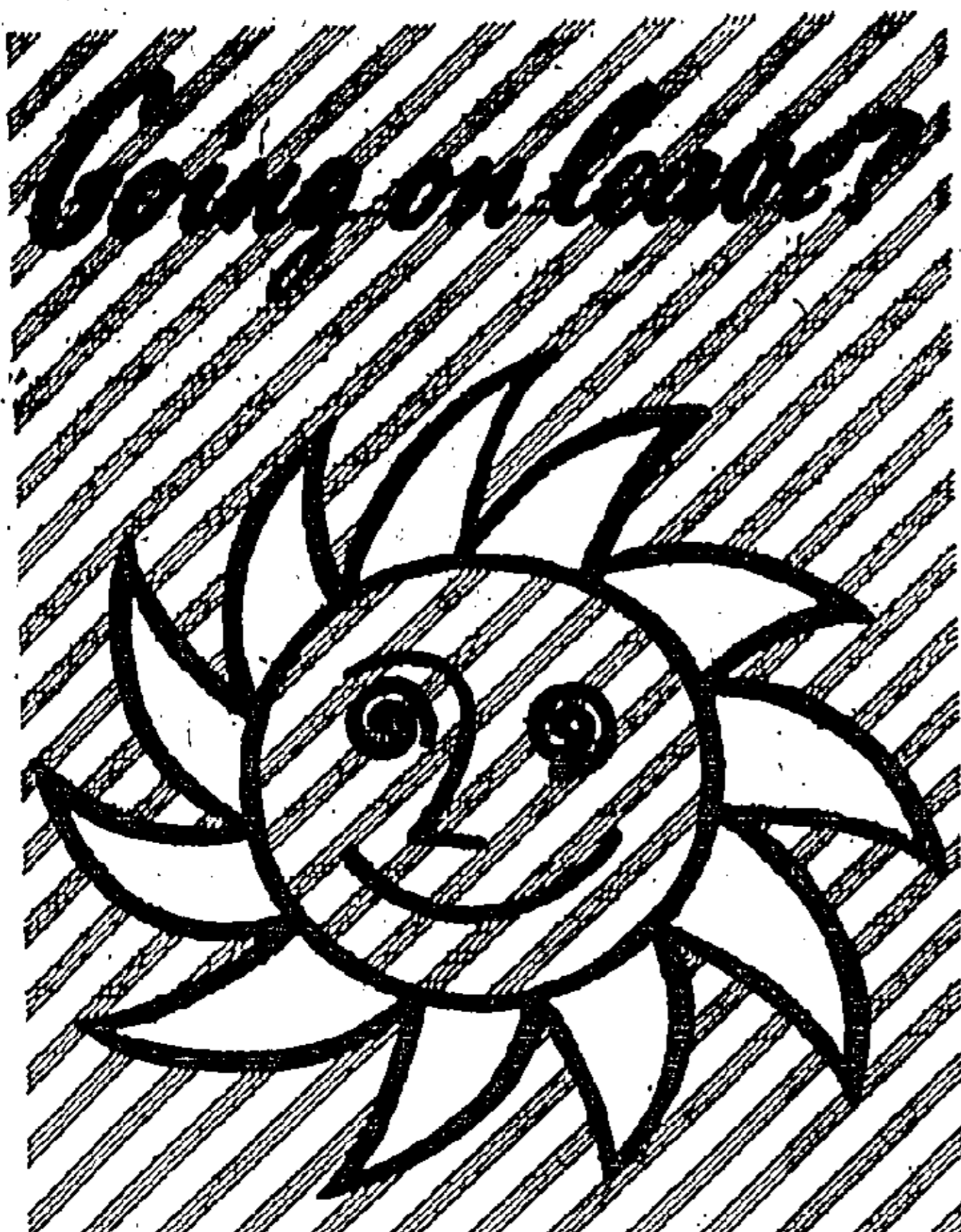
HONG KONG
and
SINGAPORE



"SHE'S STILL THERE, YOU SEE"
"AH, BUT WHO KEEPS THE KEY?"

ON ICE

Ward Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian



Whatever your destination, why not take advantage of K.L.M.'s unique multi-stopover plan, visiting practically all Europe on your way, at no extra cost.

TO K.L.M. YOU'RE MORE THAN A PASSENGER—YOU'RE A PERSON.

Book through your Travel Agent, or call K.L.M. Royal Dutch Airlines. Tel: 20244

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB FIRST RACE MEETING

Saturday, 4th October, 1958

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 10 RACES

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each are obtainable prior to the Meeting from the Club's Cash Sweep Offices, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, D'Agular Street and Nathan Road, Kowloon, only on the written introduction of a Member, and on production of his Guest Record Card. Members are limited to 6 guests each Race Day, and will be responsible for all guests introduced by them.

GUEST BADGES WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE COURSE ON RACE DAYS.
Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members, and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each payable at the Gate. Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.
MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$20.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Agular Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 3rd October, 1958 will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Kwangtung Handicap scheduled to be run on 18th October, 1958, at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at:—

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Agular Street on

Mondays to Fridays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Saturday, 4th October 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

382, Nathan Road, Kowloon

Mondays to Fridays 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Saturday, 4th October 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS and TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN. PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

Concluding Instalment Of 'Men Who Changed Sport' HALF A MILLION BREAK Then Billiards Rules Were Changed

By DEREK JOHN

Carefully sighting along his cue, Tom Reece stroked his ball on to the red and the white ball locked in the jaws of the pocket. He did it again, and again. He did it 249,552 times.

Tom Reece was on his way to making the biggest billiards break of all time—499,135, unfinished. He made it by using the famous, and soon to become notorious, Anchor Stroke—and caused a hasty rewriting of the rule book.

The anchor cannon was devised by an amateur player, Bill Lovejoy. He put much thought into working out this impregnable position. The difficulty was to get into it. He finally made it in a private game and set up a new amateur record of 600.

A Sensation

It caused a sensation. Every paper carried pictures of the position. But it was dismissed as a freak. The chances of it ever happening again were thought to be millions to one against. Tom Reece did not think so. He saw the difficulties. But he also saw the immense possibilities.

Within a week he had mastered the shot. Playing against his old rival Melbourne Inman he set up a new professional record of 900. Then he lost the position and, in trying to regain it, threw away other chances and, with them, the match. But he wasn't finished with the Anchor Stroke. Playing against Chapman he again got into the position. This time he held it for five weeks. By then the balls knew their own way, their paths marked in well-defined grooves.

Poor Chapman was still sitting it out when the match ended. One afternoon, someone asked him what he thought of the table. "How would I know?" he retorted. "I haven't had a shot for a month."

Lasted Five Weeks

The break lasted five weeks. It could have gone on for five years. So a special meeting of the Billiards Association was called and the shot was banned. After 26 consecutive centuries, the new rule said, the position had to be broken up.

Twenty years later Reece produced his answer—a legal variant of the Anchor Stroke called the Pendulum. Again it was invented by an amateur—J.C. Peppercorn. Reece exploited it to set up a new record (his previous break of nearly half a million had been discounted) of 6417.

Another huddle by the authorities. Another Reece shot was banned.

Reece was no automaton with the cue. He was an artist. But

his nervous temperament caused him to be known as the finest billiards player never to win the Championship.

He went in for freak shots because he liked to be different. To him, billiards was an intellectual exercise. He put this because his weakness. His plan of campaign was so carefully prepared that to carry out it demanded perfection in every stroke.

The Anchor Stroke brought Reece the perfection he sought. But his reaction was typical of a man who always had to have something to strive for. "No man in England was so sick of the Anchor Stroke as I was before the authorities put a stop to it," he admitted afterwards.

Reece's fiercest battles were fought with his long-standing rival, Melbourne Inman. Most players apologise for making a luke shot. Reece was never known to apologise to Inman, nor Inman to Reece.

The only words they exchanged at the table were harsh ones.

Racing Man

Once, after a Reece luke, Inman made a comment. "Did you say anything?" asked Reece.

"I'm here to play billiards, not to talk," replied Inman.

"You surprise me," snapped Reece. "I hadn't noticed it."

Once Inman praised his opponent: "Good shot, Reece."

Replied Reece: "That's the first time in 40 years that you have said 'Good shot' to me."

Inman: "Yes, and that's the first time you've deserved it."

Reece lived his life as intensely as he played billiards. He was a great racing man and close friend of Steve Donoghue and Gordon Richards.

In an examination for bankruptcy in 1926 he revealed that he had lost £8,000 in a week. In 22 consecutive races the horses he backed to win came in second.

He was also a fine swimmer. He helped to train the beautiful

Australian, Annette Kellerman, for her attempt on the English Channel, and swam beside her for three and a half hours in the actual swim. During it he did everything he could to take her mind off her grim struggle. He told her stories and sang to her. Finally, he proposed marriage.

Annette was almost exhausted, but she smiled and replied, "I like tall men best." Reece trod water, threw up his arms and declared, "Tall! Why I can touch the bottom!"

Did Gymnastics

It was because he did gymnastics to help his swimming that Reece first took up billiards. The gym was in a political club in his native town of Oldham. To get to it Reece had to pass the billiards room. The game immediately fascinated him. He started to play and was soon club champion. Then he took a job in a gentlemen's club where he could practise the game eight hours a day.

Until he died at the age of 80 he could still beat the locals at billiards. To cue-man Reece that meant more than all the fame of his playing career.

(All Rights Reserved)



STARTING TODAY.... England's young stars JIMMY GREAVES (Chelsea), PETER BROADBENT (Wolves), BRIAN CLOUGH (Middlesbrough), BOBBY CHARLTON (Manchester United), DAVE BURNSIDE (West Bromwich) tell you about... OUR BRAVE NEW SOCCER WORLD.

I TOUR THE WORLD PLUS £20 A WEEK

By Jimmy Greaves (Chelsea and Young England)

I'M a £1,000-a-year man at 18. That's what football has done for me. It has taken me around Europe—to Holland, France, Germany, Spain, and Bulgaria. All these in two years of doing something I love.

I've got my bonuses most weeks, benefits to come, I hope, and eight per cent of every penny I earn from football is being put away for me by the Football League Provident Fund.

There were 400 boys in my school and I'm the only one to be signed as a professional. That's about an average percentage anywhere, because League Soccer is harder, more difficult, and faster than the fans think.

SO CONFIDENT

Many people think I should learn a trade before I turn professional, but I say I had with confidence in his ability to make the grade should join a ground staff straight away.

He'll absorb the atmosphere, he'll learn from older players. I've even known the older players—on the opposite side too—give me advice during a match. Honest!

League football is a pretty clean game, despite what some people say.

Yes, I'm proud to be a professional. I only hope I can have a job in the game all my life.

SO SURE

I wish for kinder crowds (perhaps that's wishing for the moon) and a better coaching scheme for handpicked school-boy players from each district. Until I came to Chelsea I thought a coach was something with wheels. But I'm sure now that coaching from the age of 11 would have been a great benefit to boys with real talent, the best boys from a town, say, because it is useless trying to coach whole schools.

SO UNFAIR

For a start, I think benefits should be made compulsory. It's unfair that a man should give five or 10 years of his life to a Third Division club and get

nothing at the end of it, while a First Division player has collected £1,000 in the same time.

Most of us would like to see an end to Christmas Day football too. It does not draw huge crowds, but it disrupts the home life of every player.

No Christmas pudding for the footballer, and if there's an away game, like we have at Blackburn this year, no Christmas either.

I've read some of the "exposures" of these ex-players and managers who say Soccer is rotten. That's not the way I've found the game.

And it wasn't the way these confession merchants found Soccer when they were in it either. They made good livings out of the game before they began to kick it to death.

I save all my ideas for the ball because I'm sure nothing is basically wrong with football, although it could stand a little improving here and there from the players' point of view.

Sometimes I wonder what I'd be doing now if I wasn't a professional footballer. And I honestly don't know—except that I wouldn't be earning £20 a week—used to spend too much school time dreaming.

But it's not mere money that convinces me being a First Division professional is a good life.

There's the comradeship, the joy of feeling permanently fit,

the travelling, the headlines, the excitement, the pleasure of belonging to a happy club like Chelsea and working for a boss you can respect like Ted Drake.

How many people in other jobs can look forward to such a nest-egg?

Of course, I'm not an expert on other jobs. Had one once—office boy in a publishing company but I packed it in after a week. I wasn't made for anything except football.

SO EXCITING

What's In A Name? Biggest victory in the Rhonda Amateur Football League on the opening day of the season in South Wales, was registered by Mardy Wales, who won 8-3.

And the name of the team they defeated? Beatus United! Dis-United were asking for it!

Sports Diary

TODAY

3rd Division: HKFC v USRC, IRC v HKFC, PRC v KCC, SC v FC, TC v HKFC.

1st Division: South China v Eastern (Chater Road) 7.15 p.m. Reserve Division: South China v Eastern (Chater Road) 8 p.m.

2nd Division: HAF Kai Tak v Gymnastic (BS), Happy Valley v JPS (Kowloon) 7.15 p.m. Club (Navy), St Joseph's v Prisons (HVF) 8.30 p.m.

3rd Division: Doonell v RE, Telephone v Kin Godown; Koon Wun v Hill, p.m.; Hong Kong 5.30 p.m. All matches at Happy Valley.

Friendly Game: KCC v Army "North" (1st Division); IRC v Police (2nd Division); HKFC v HKCC "Boatmen" trial game.

HKFC v Police (Club) 4.30 p.m.; Club "B" v RAA 5.15 p.m.

LRC Tournaments: Men's Singles 10 a.m.; Men's Open Singles, Mixed Doubles 10 a.m.; Ladies Singles 10 p.m.

Testis

What's In A Name? Biggest victory in the Rhonda Amateur Football League on the opening day of the season in South Wales, was registered by Mardy Wales, who won 8-3.

And the name of the team they defeated? Beatus United! Dis-United were asking for it!



Sole Agents: DUBWELL & CO., LTD.



POP

WHERE ARE THE ILLS TO BE LOOKED, SOMEONE'S IN DIFFICULTIES OVER THERE.



ILL GO!

I'll do all the actual respiration that's required. It's a very much.



ILL DO ALL THE ACTUAL RESPIRATION THAT'S REQUIRED. IT'S A VERY MUCH.

I'll do all the actual respiration that's required. It's a very much.



Dangerous currents

I'll do all the actual respiration that's required. It's a very much.



PHYSICIAN'S DROPS FOR PRECIOUS MOMENTS.

CHERRY HEERING



SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Hongkong-Seoul Soccer Series Not Up To Hongkong Stadium Rating

The grandeur of the vast modern Hongkong Stadium is in danger of becoming a hypnotising and disillusioning drug to some of those people who control football in the Colony. They see it as a bottomless well of wealth with 28,500 eager paying fans packing its towering stands and enclosures. Apparently too, some of them see it as an attraction in itself for that is the only reasonable interpretation one can put to the fact that even third class games are now being taken, there in the hope that their association with the biggest stadium will lull the fans through the turnstiles.

The lesson is being learned the hard way...and the bitter folly of taking anything but top class attractions to the stadium was again adequately demonstrated when the first two games of the current Korean series were played.

For the first match on Sunday a mere handful of spectators turned up and even when the big-name Chinese stars were in action on Tuesday the arena was only one-third filled.

Much Too Astute

Grounds do not make third rate fare into top class attractions. The Hongkong fans are much too astute for that sort of thing and the promoters of the Seoul visit would have reaped a much more satisfying reward if they had staged the games at either the Club or South China grounds.

The fans cannot be bluffed. They want to see good only football and surely they know bad soccer is not improved in anyway by being staged on Soong's luxurious turf.

The fact of the matter is that the series against Seoul simply did not merit Hongkong Stadium rating...and it would have been advantageous to have staged the games at one of the other grounds where the expenses are not so high...particularly when the Grounds Pool arrangement was not operative.

The Police XV, like the Club "A" XV show quite a surprising number of changes from last season, and as most of these changes are in the three, the Police who have always been noted for their strong forward pack, may now be presumed to have a strong team.

Much will depend on the two halves Lewis and Hinch, and this season the Police are

How does one assess the risks of injury from one sport to another? It's an interesting question and it is one which is frequently asked in many different circumstances.

How often have sportsmen argued the relative risks and dangers of rugby and soccer...of cricket and baseball...of boxing and wrestling...and of dozens of others.

I've often thought about it but probably because I could not find a suitable yardstick by which to make reliable measurements I've let the matter slip into the argumentative or personal opinion state.

Graphic Reminder I had a graphic reminder of sporting risks the other day when the local office of an overseas insurance company decided to send me a proposal form for what they have called "Sportsman's Insurance".

While at this stage in the game I am unlikely to become a policy holder I found it a most instructive document...and, if you are one of those people who place reliance in the ability of the insurance folk to cough up a potential risk, I'm sure you could use this piece of paper to settle many an argument.

One of my sporting colleagues made the magnificent comment that

helpful that Lewis will not go on the injury list, for without him for the larger part of last season the Police XV seldom got their three going. Given this season in playing wing-three, where he should be happier.

The Club, on the other hand who will be fielding the same side as that which played against Richardson's XV on Wednesday evening, should do much better than they did then.

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

It would be worth a pile of pints to the local book home...and that will pay it in its correct perspective for many of you.

Now let us...on the basis of a scientific assessment by insurance experts...settle an argument or two.

Poorer Risk First of all for rugby and soccer enthusiasts let me say that rugby is considered a poorer risk than soccer by one point...that is '9' against '7'.

And, in fact until quite recently, soccer was as low as a '6' risk, but I'm assured that the upgrading did not take place as a direct result of last Tuesday evening's game at the Hongkong Stadium.

Boxing and wrestling are regarded as involving equal risk and both are assessed at '7' while the wizards of bunt and boundaries will no doubt be surprised to learn that the men who look at sporting risks in terms of cold finance regard cricket as dangerous as baseball and one point higher than football...Calamity at King's Park!

It's a long time since I last watched a soccer match as crusty and crude as that between the Hongkong Chinese and Seoul on Tuesday evening.

Noted For Tenacity The airman have only a few well known names in their XV, and at the moment little is known of their abilities, but the

game for all who wanted to avoid undue risk but then may be the assessor who gave it a '7' hadn't heard of the 'Hong Sling Wicks' or the 'Coles Crasher'.

Badminton, tennis, squash and rowing...oh, and hiding get marked up at '2' while fishing, archery, basketball and golf hit the '3' mark.

If you are getting really careless you can get in among the rougher stuff with athletics, gymnastics, shooting and swimming which are all rated as a No. 4 risk.

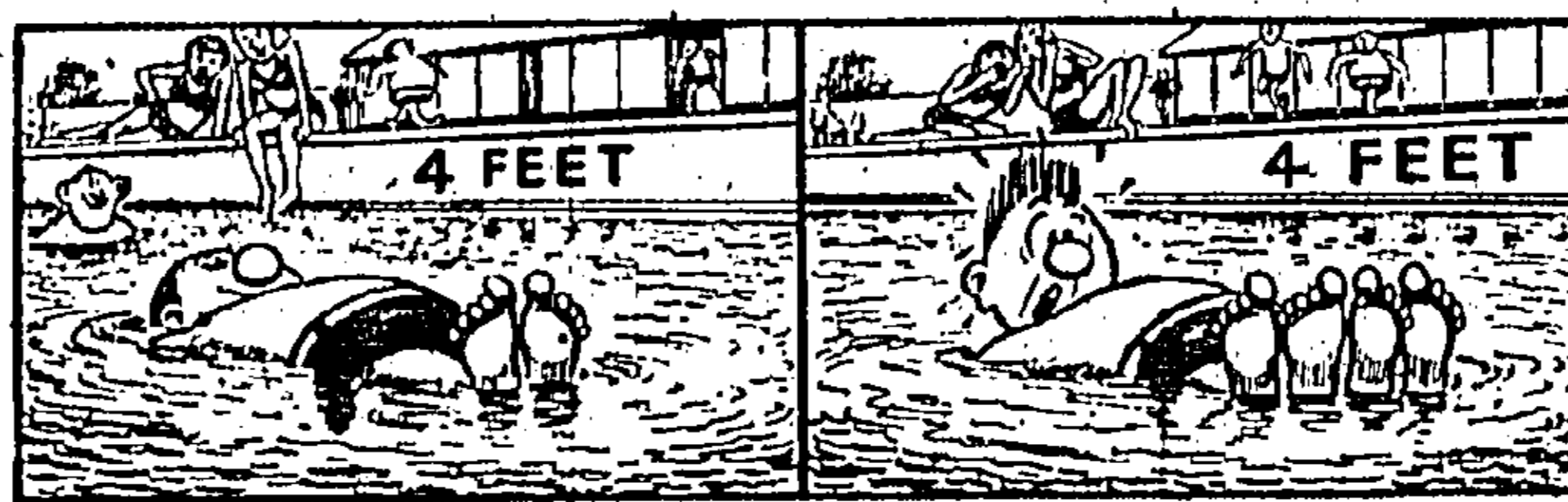
And so it goes on up through the various sporting activities and one gets to the top risk group with auto-driving and spearfishing on the '7' mark and big game hunting joining rugby as the riskiest sports of all.

Go on arguing...but be assured I am not setting up as an insurance agent.

The other game at Stanley, will probably result in a win for the Green Howards, but again, there are so many unknowns and imponderables that a reverse result is just as likely, though the Green Howards having a nucleus of well known players should take the honours.

The Teams Following are the teams for today's matches: POLICE: Johnston, Bellingham, O'Hare, Sol, Stevin, Birch, Lewis, Shelley, Cun-

SPORTING SAM by Reg. Wootton



It is all quite intriguing, and as well as being useful for settling long standing controversies I am just as certain this document would be excellent ammunition for healthy and maybe even heated discussion in clubs and pubs.

For example let me tell you that lawn bowls, according to our insurance friends, is the

In parts it was downright brutal and so unnecessary and as it is to have to say so...the "caustic" organism was one that has been with us for a long time...rank poor refereeing.

The referee who had charge of the proceedings allowed them to get out of hand and ten thousand long suffering spectators were treated to an almost uninterrupted while recital. It was one solo that could have been avoided if the official had exercised his authority right from the start.

Two Main Aspects The trouble really springs from two main aspects of the referee's work. The first was his failure to apply the advantage rule and the second was his habit of varying his attitude to similar offences.

The advantage rule was originally introduced to help the referee deal with a player who was offside but who was not interfering with the play.

But from petty beginnings bitterness accrued and those who saw the game were witnesses to the unsatisfactory outcome.

Escaped Censure The second point which took some understanding was the referee's failure to punish like offences in a like manner. Twice during the game Hongkong, defenders Sze Yiu and

Kwok Kam-hung deliberately kicked the ball away after it had been placed in position for a free kick...and both of them escaped censure. Later on a Seoul player did exactly the same thing and this time play was held up while he was spectacularly reprimanded by the referee.

Players went badly to such inconsistent treatment and the visitors would have found plenty of backing for any suggestion that they suffered in this respect. It was from these inconsistencies and inequalities that much of the unpleasantness arose. Every bit of it could have been snuffed outright from the start by firm control.

It was all a storm in a teacup. If you hear that judgment passed on the recent incident in Singapore in which KMB were involved don't accept it at its face value.

I have just had the opportunity to hear the views of a number of impartial spectators who were present at the game...and also it's aftermath.

Next week I'll tell you just what a stormy teacupful it really was.

The new football season starts today. The indications point to another South China center with a faint possibility of a KMB challenge. The present inequitable distribution of talent gives the others little chance of upsetting the Champions...a sad thought but true!

WEEK-END LAWN BOWLS

Main attractions of the lawn bowls programme this week-end will be the three quarter-final matches of the International competition for the Gutierrez Shield tomorrow at the Bowling Green Club and the special 'Flag High Shield' match between Recreio and Kowloon Cricket Club at Recreio this afternoon.

Best of the international games should be that between England and Ireland. The England four of H. Black, A. Eastman, B. Douglas and B. Purvis played some very good bowls last week when they eliminated Australia by 35-19 and towards the latter half of the game seemed to click well as a combination.

FULLY CAPABLE

The Ireland four of G. D. S. Agnew, C. E. M. Terry, T. Kavanagh and S. L. Leonard have not played together as yet, having drawn a bye in the earlier round, but are fully capable of making the semi-final berth although the odds will be slightly in favour of their opponents.

Hongkong represented by H. A. Ozorio, M. Q. Wong, S. E. Sousa and F. G. Luz are conceded a slight edge over their Irish opponents, P. J. Billimoria, G. Madar, R. K. Pavri and M. J. Divecha, despite the fact that they scored a creditable win over Malaya last week.

TOO STRONG

Scotland's four of G. Coles, G. Stark, A. Skene and C. McLennan, will in my opinion be a shade too strong for Philipines E. G. Barcos, P. Tan, L. S. da Silva and C. A. Coelho. This afternoon an interesting match, consisting of two singles, one pair, one triple and one rink games will be played between Recreio and Kowloon Cricket Club.

In view of the fact that Hongkong is already in the field of international competition in singles, pairs and rinks, the official introduction of such matches as the one to be played this afternoon merits special consideration.



NESTUM PRE-COOKED Nestle's BABY CEREAL

From the fourth month onwards or according to doctor's advice, an addition to the milk diet is essential to meet the needs of baby's growth and development. Supplementary feeding ensures satisfactory progress and sounder sleep. The early introduction of a mixed diet promotes healthy bowel action and reduces tendency to constipation.



ESTUM-10

Three Rugby Matches Today

There are three fixtures scheduled for this afternoon, two of them at the Club stadium, where both the Club XV's will be on show, and one at Stanley. The latter game which starts at 3.30 p.m. is between RAF Mainland and the Green Howards.

The main interest will lie in the second game at the Club ground where the Club are at home to a strong Police XV at 4.30 p.m., while in the curtain raiser at 3.15 p.m. Club "B" are taking on the airman from RAF (HK), in other words the airman who work on the island.

The Police XV, like the Club "A" XV show quite a surprising number of changes from last season, and as most of these changes are in the three, the Police who have always been noted for their strong forward pack, may now be presumed to have a strong team.

Much will depend on the two halves Lewis and Hinch, and this season the Police are

by

PAK LO

against what were practically a Colony XV, and with their very fast three they should win this game convincingly.

The Club "B" game should also attract a lot of interest for this "B" game should also attract a lot of interest for this "B" XV contains seven of last year's "A" XV, and may therefore be safely presumed to be extremely strong for a "B" XV.

The Club, on the other hand who will be fielding the same side as that which played against Richardson's XV on Wednesday evening, should do much better than they did then.

airmen from Salwan have always been noted for their tenacity, and they will provide just the sort of opposition Club "B" need in their first run of the season.

On paper Club "B" should have an easy win over the airman with their very fast three line containing two members who I have no doubt will not be playing much longer for the "B" side.

The other game at Stanley, will probably result in a win for the Green Howards, but again, there are so many unknowns and imponderables that a reverse result is just as likely, though the Green Howards having a nucleus of well known players should take the honours.

The Teams Following are the teams for today's matches: POLICE: Johnston, Bellingham, O'Hare, Sol, Stevin, Birch, Lewis, Shelley, Cun-

ingham; Brown, Ross, Thomas, Miller, Bryan, Robert. RAF (HK): Davies, Brown, Roberts, Low, Toyner, Miller, Fowler, Campbell, Hewitt, Loughlin, Halsey, Spiers, Bright, Wall, Riley.

CLUB "A": Miles, Heenan, Dalgleish, R. Laville, D'Elath, McFadyen, Bennett, Williams, King, Howe, Elliott, Newbigin, Campbell, Wright, Steven.

CLUB "B": Martin, Lochrie, Spencer, McFadyen, Franch, Barnes, Steward, Turner, Croucher, Whiteley, Collinson, Swinley, Leonard, Fawcett, L. Laville.

GREEN HOWARDS: Markhill, Frim, Embury, Goulds, Warrington, Hamerham, Wood, McIntosh, Lowe, Lemage, Godsell, Hemmingsway, Green, Mander, Carney.

Referees for the three games are: Club "B" v. RAFHK-W.C. Richardson. Club "A" v. Police-Davies. RAF M. v. G. Howards-W.S. Collier.

THE GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby

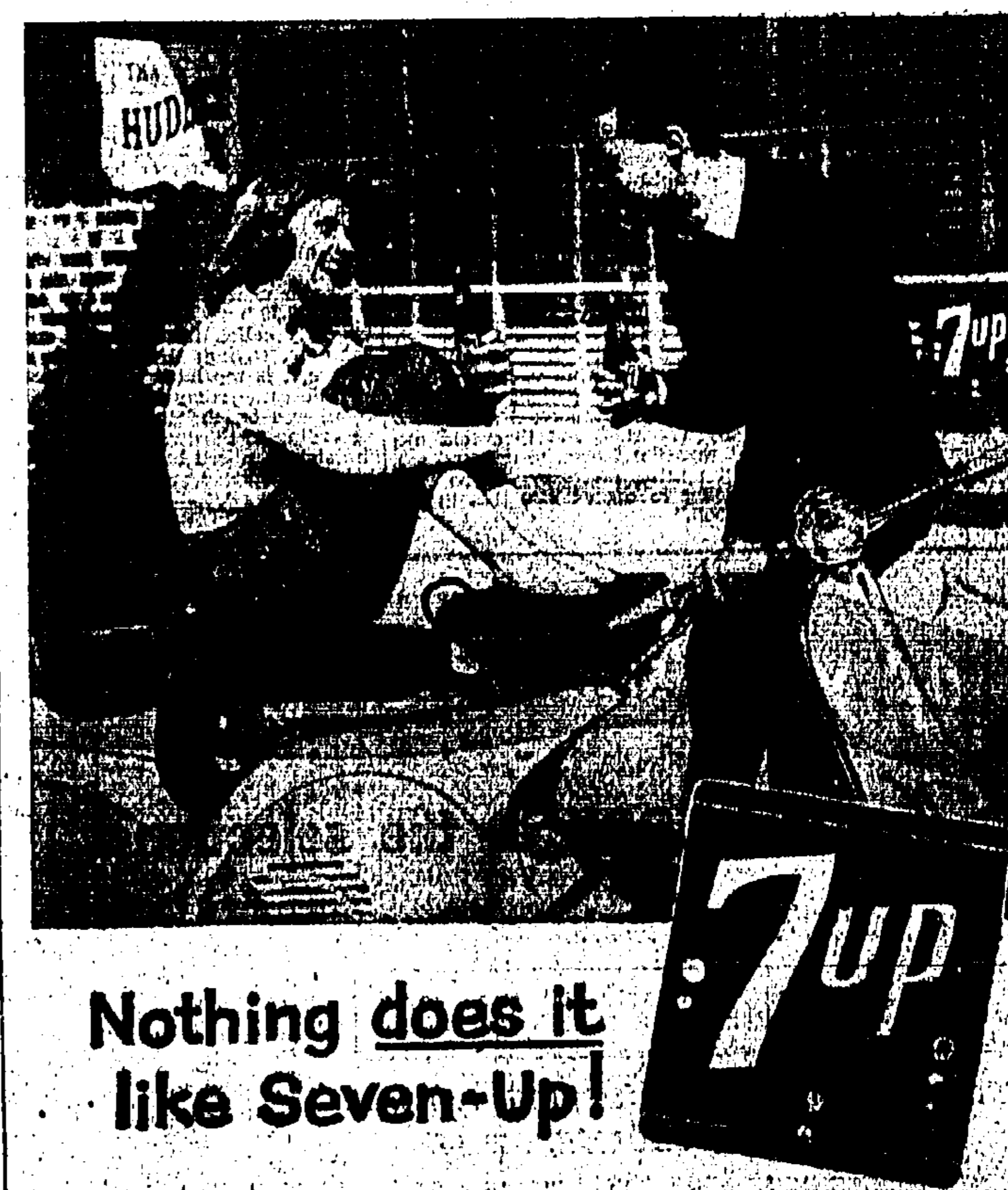


Cooking Problems Solved



GREAT WAY TO KEEP GOING! HAVE THIS

quick, refreshing lift!



WORLD PATENTS
DEXION
SLOTTED ANGLE
ENGINEERING EQUIPMENT CO. LTD.
H.K. & Shanghai Bank Bldg. Tel. 27780

CHINA MAIL

Page 20

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1958.

Sheaffers
NEW BALLPOINT
WITH EXCLUSIVE
STERLING SILVER TIP

VODKA FLOWS IN SIBERIA

STREET FIGHTS AND
ALCOHOLISM EXPOSED

Moscow, Sept. 26.
A young Soviet geologist working in the remote new settlements of Siberia today drew a stark picture of life in his region, where he said there was a shortage of food but no shortage of vodka.

The geologist, I. Cheban, who left university two years ago, described street fights and tragedies caused by alcoholism in a letter to the Communist Youth League newspaper Kommunist Prava.

An official inspired press campaign against drunkenness only raised laughter in places where there were no houses, roads, or policemen for hundreds of kilometers.

The inhabitants lived in very severe conditions, Cheban said. "But we think we have the right to some good food, such as oranges, lemons, and green vegetables."

"You can't find any of these here, but there is plenty of vodka."

What good are lectures and posters, the geologist asked, "if you see vodka everywhere at all times of the day...."

The geologist added he had heard of some countries which allowed the sale of "vodka and wine" only at certain times of the day. He suggested a similar arrangement in the Soviet Union. He said he was not puritanical and often enjoyed a glass of wine—"but why do I find only vodka and vodka in shops in my region?"—Reuter.

Not a Puritan
The geologist, I. Cheban, who left university two years ago, described street fights and tragedies caused by alcoholism in a letter to the Communist Youth League newspaper Kommunist Prava.

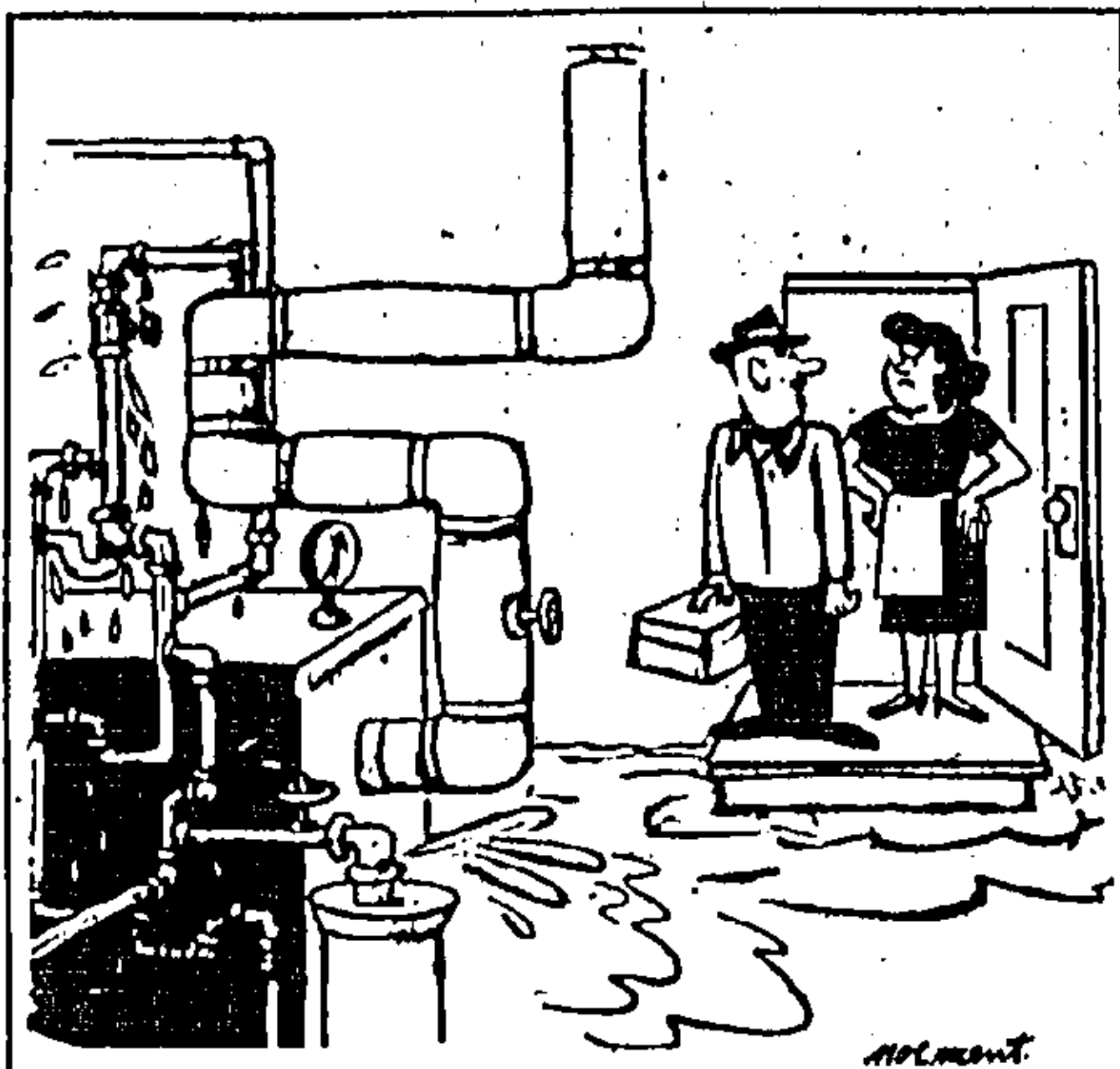
An official inspired press campaign against drunkenness only raised laughter in places where there were no houses, roads, or policemen for hundreds of kilometers.

The inhabitants lived in very severe conditions, Cheban said. "But we think we have the right to some good food, such as oranges, lemons, and green vegetables."

"You can't find any of these here, but there is plenty of vodka."

What good are lectures and posters, the geologist asked, "if you see vodka everywhere at all times of the day...."

This Funny World



"I can fix it for a flat, exorbitant fee or, if you prefer, fool around with it on an hourly basis."

BRITAIN FLOPS IN WHITE CITY MEET

Finns Pile Up Shock 21 Lead

London, Sept. 26.
Finland was virtually assured of victory over Britain after totalling a magnificent 69 points total against Britain's 48 after 11 events in the two-nation meet at the White City here today.

None of the experts here believed that the Finns would prove such a menace in the track events. But British better in their trackmen suffered a stinging blow when the Finns won four of these contests against Britain's three.

The fans were rocked when their hero, Brian Hewson, the European champion, was beaten by flying Finn, Olavi Lyytikäinen, who returned 3 minutes, 44.2 seconds—only three seconds out of Hewson's European championship timing.

British athletic prestige took its body blows from the opening event when Finland's Miltu sprinted home in the 400 metres, returning 52.4 seconds, to outclass the fancied British runner, Farrel, who managed only 53 seconds flat.

Only Segal who won the 200 metres in 21.5 seconds and Rawson, who triumphed in the 800 metres in one minute 50.8 seconds kept the British athletic flag flying.

But Britain did carry off the honours (as expected) in the four by 100 metres relay. Then Stan Eldon finished a trailing third behind Finns Koko and Koykkipuro in the 6,000 metres. Koko clocked 14 minutes, 7.8 seconds.

The Finns took first place in four other events, the shot put, the hop-step-and-jump, the discus and the javelin.—France-Press.

Dreary Test Series Is Forecast

Wellington, Sept. 26.
A "dreary" Test series between England and Australia with the batsmen of both teams being in command, was forecast today by Bert Sutcliffe, the New Zealand Test batsman, who has just returned from the tour of England.

Sutcliffe said he could not see either Tony Lock or Jim Laker, England's spin bowlers, being anywhere near the dominant bowlers they are on English pitches.

He thought England could be hard-pressed to win the series.—China Mail Special.

CHINA MAY DUMP RICE

Singapore, Sept. 26.
China is trying to capture the Singapore rice market, the Straits Times said today.

The paper said that according to informed circles this was the result of a 90 per cent increase in China's rice production this year.

The Peking Government was now believed to be negotiating with certain Singapore firms to be its agents.

The next move, the Times said, would be to dump a large quantity of China rice, comparable in quality to Thai rice, on the Singapore market.

Move To Capture Singapore Market

Prices would be ten per cent below those for Thai rice. The Times said leading importers of Thai rice were, however, doubtful if cheaper China rice could change the tastes of Malayan Chinese, accustomed to the Thai grain.

They said that in 1955 Singapore rice traders had imported 30,000 tons of China rice, and had incurred a loss.—Reuter.

VICE ON THE RUN IN SAIGON

Saigon, Sept. 26.
Organised vice is on the run in Saigon, the old pleasure-loving high-living capital of French Asia.

The Vietnam Press Agency said today drastic measures taken by the President of South Vietnam, Mr. Ngo Dinh Diem, had brought about noteworthy progress in the city.

The agency said that in the first five months of this year 102 keepers of brothels—now illegal—had been arrested, along with a number of clandestine prostitutes.

In the same period 1,537 prostitutes had started a new life after a few months re-education and vocational guidance. Police had also arrested 6,588 gamblers and 727 keepers of opium dens.

Treatment had been given to 986 opium addicts.—Reuter.

ROSEWALL BEATEN

Trabert-Sedgman Final

Wombly, Sept. 26.
Tony Trabert, American winner of the Wimbledon title in 1955, beat Ken Rosewall, Australia, in the semi-finals of the London International Professional indoor lawn tennis championships here tonight.

Trabert won 7-5, 1-6, 6-1, 1-6, 7-5 in one of the most exciting matches seen in the brightly-lit indoor arena.

In the final tomorrow night, Trabert will meet Frank Sedgman, Australian winner of the 1952 Wimbledon championship, for the first prize of £1,000.

Sedgman beat Pancho Gonzales, United States, in the first semi-final last night.—Reuter.

SATELLITE MYSTERY

Cape Canaveral, Sept. 26.
Dr. John Hagan, director of the Vanguard satellite project, said today he simply did not know what had happened to the meteorological satellite launched this morning.

Hagan admitted there was very little chance that the satellite was in orbit. By the end of the day, a rather precise answer to that question would be available, he added.

Hagan said a radio signal would be sent to the satellite to check on the operation of its two radio transmitters.—France-Press.

"A NIGHT TO REMEMBER"

FILM CAPTION CONTEST

On the right are six pictures in which Kenneth More, star of "A NIGHT TO REMEMBER" has appeared. No. 1 is of course "A Night to Remember". You are asked to write down the names of the other five films and to submit a suitable caption to No. 1 in not more than ten words.

The first few correct answers received will win one of the following four prizes:

1st Prize: A Round-trip ticket for 2 persons, to and from any point on the CPA system, donated by CATHAY PACIFIC AIRWAYS.

2nd Prize: For Men: A "SANDOZ" Watch, donated by SHIRO (CHINA) LTD. For Ladies: One Beauty Treatment, donated by SALON D'OR—HELENA RUBINSTEIN COSMETICS.

3rd Prize: Selected Crystalware, donated by INGENOHL LTD.

Entries should be addressed to: J. ARTHUR RANK OVERSEAS FILM DISTRIBUTORS LTD., 201, Holland House, Hong Kong, and should arrive not later than 10th October, 1958. Results will be announced on 15th October, 1958.

Entry in the above Caption Contest is absolutely free. Major H. F. Stanley of The Hong Kong Tourist Association has kindly consented to act as judge of the entries.

"A NIGHT TO REMEMBER" is coming soon to the LEE & ASTOR



EXECUTORS
and
TRUSTEES
in the
COLONY
and the
FAR EAST

HONGKONG & SHANGHAI
BANK
HONGKONG (TRUSTEE)
LIMITED
The Trustee Company of
The Hongkong and Shanghai
Banking Corporation
Hong Kong.

HONGKONG SOCIETY FOR
THE PREVENTION OF
CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
Beaconsfield Arcade,
Queen's Road, C.
Tel. Day 37870
Tel. Night 775189
Kln. 57172



YOU CAN HELP THE
H.K.S.P.C.A.
TO COMBAT CRUELTY
BY
JOINING THE SOCIETY
or by
sending us a Donation.
Life Membership \$100.00
Subscribing Member \$ 10.00 per annum
Junior Member ... \$ 1.00 per annum

Mr. T. W. FRIPP,
Hon. Treasurer,
c/o Hong Kong Electric
Co., Ltd.,
P. O. Building,
Hong Kong.

CHINA MAIL

HONGKONG
PUBLISHED DAILY
(AFTERNOON)

Price, 20 cents per copy.
Saturday 30 cents.
Subscription: \$5.00 per month.
Postage: China and Macao \$3.00 per month, U.K., India, Hong Kong and other countries \$7.00 per month.
News contributions always welcome, should be addressed to the Editor, business communications and advertisements to the Secretary.
Telephone: 2411 (4 lines)
KOWLOON OFFICE:
Sallybury Road,
Telephone: 64145.

Classified
Advertisements
20 WORDS \$4.00
for 1 DAY PREPAID
ADDITIONAL INSERTIONS
\$200 PER DAY
10 cents PER WORD OVER 20
Births, Deaths, Marriages,
Personal \$5.00 per insertion
not exceeding 25 words, 25
cents each additional word.
ALTERNATE INSERTIONS
10% EXTRA
If not prepaid a booking fee
of 50 cents is charged.

STAMPS
SOMETHING EXCLUSIVE, collectors' packs of selected stamps, entirely new series, South China Morning Post Ltd., Wyndham Street, Hong Kong and Sallybury Road, Kowloon.

NOTICE
W. Arter and Edmund Lui
are no longer in the employ-
ment of Far East Oil
Company Limited.

CHURCH NOTICE
ST. PETER'S CHURCH
The Mission to Seamen
40 Gloucester Road,
Tel. 74221
6.30 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.00 p.m. Evening Service.
(Other Services arranged at any
time by request.)

H.K.S.P.C.

Needs financial support for the
care of poor children



Please address communica-
tions:—Secretary, Hongkong
Society for the Protection
of Children, P.O. Box 2508
Hong Kong.

Please send us your unwanted toys.
Collection centre at Rediffusion.

If you're fond of **CHEESE!**
Then Just LOOK at the selection
The Dairy Farm offers
CHEESE from all parts of the world
to cater for YOUR individual tastes.
AUSTRALIAN, AMERICAN, DANISH, ITALIAN,
DUTCH, FRENCH, ENGLISH, SWISS.
The Dairy Farm

Printed and published by PETER PLUMLEY for and on behalf of South China Morning Post Limited at 1-3 Wyndham Street, City of Victoria in the Colony of Hong Kong.